

THE LIVING AGE.

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"MY TIMES ARE IN THY HAND."

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with cheerful smile,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from *itself*
To soothe and sympathize.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with minds
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

I ask Thee for the *daily* strength,
To none that ask, denied;
And a mind to blend with outward strife,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessings be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee;
And careful less to *serve Thee much*
Than to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross for every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart is taught the truth
That makes Thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

ANNA L. WARING.

A REMEMBRANCE OF THE GULF STREAM.

The late Rev. James W. Eastburn, who departed at the early age of twenty-two, was the author, as is well known, of that beautiful Hymn for Trinity Sunday which is numbered seventy-seven in our collection. Though long dead, therefore, he yet lives in this ascription of praise to the Triune God, which is annually sung in so many of our churches. On the 2d of December, 1819, he expired while on a voyage to the West Indies; and on the following day, amidst a violent tempest, was committed to the great deep.

At midnight oft, when not a sound
The stillness breaks that hangs profound

Around my pillowed head,
Fond memory, once again set free,
Visits, at graves of land and sea,
Her long-time buried dead.

At such an hour, in thought I stood
Upon a deck: the Atlantic flood
With mountain billows heaved;
And, on that deck, a youthful form
Lay, sheeted, mid the howling storm,
But just of life bereaved.

The solemn burial words were said,
While clouds made vaulted roof o'erhead,
And whistling shrouds the dirge;
And, at the signal, from the plank
Those precious limbs uncoffined sank
Deep in the raging surge.

Beside me, at that awful grave,
Whence prayers had vainly striven to save,
A mother stood forlorn:
Shrieked as he plunged, then rushed below
In frantic agony of woe,
To wail her eldest born.

Since then, twice twenty years have run
Their course through frost, and summer's
sun;

Yet now, in dead of night,
That corse heaved o'er, in sail-cloth shroud,
Mid the wind's requiem deep and loud,
Came bare and fresh to sight.

But thou, from life's unfinished years
Exalted to those happier spheres,
Where saints and angels shine,
Brother, all hail! thy harp, new strung
To nobler strains than here it sung,
Is tuned by love divine!

Since such thy lot, though here I stray
Without thee on my pilgrim way,
I would not, if I could,
Recall thee from thy blest employ;
But hope and wait to share thy joy,
Bought with Emmanuel's blood.

Boston, December, 1859.

M. E.

—Christian Witness.

WITHERED.

Oh! there was one I used to know,
A tiny babe, whose witching smiles
Set sweet affection all a-glow;
Who won me with her simple wiles.

And there was one I used to know,
A little maid with sunny hair,
And with a brow as white as snow,
And with a heart as light as air.

And there was one I used to know,
A damsel, full of life and grace;
Who walk'd the great world to and fro
With angel-light upon her face.

And there was one I used to know,
Who lived to bless the old and poor;
And once I saw with bitter woe
That Death was standing at her door.

There is a tomb that now I know,
'Tis deck'd with flow'rets fair and frail;
And to that tomb in vain I go,
In hope to peer "behind the veil."

—Once a Week. JAS. SMART LINWOOD.

From The National Review.

THE POETRY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The most holy Book of Psalms, literally rendered into English Verse, according to the Prayer-Book Version. By Edgar Alfred Bowring. London: J. W. Parker, 1858.

FROM a literary point of view, at all events, it certainly was not a happy conception to reduce the book of Psalms, or indeed any portion of the poetry of the Old Testament, within the shackles of modern metres, or to try to furnish it with the fascinations of rhyme. Mr. Bowring may be perfectly right in saying that the popular demand for such a modification has been so constant and universal in England, as practically to justify the attempt; and by adhering so closely, and often ingeniously, as he has done, to the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms, which he took as his guide, he has certainly produced something much more like the original than any of his predecessors. But the closer his version is to the original, the more vividly we are reminded of the artificial nature of the enterprise, and the intrinsic incompatibility between the subject and its treatment. In the version of the Psalms by Tate and Brady, the deviation from the original is so great, that we scarcely recognize it; and see in it rather the quaint, awkward psalmody of the Judaic Puritanism, than the parody, which it too often really is, on our English Bible. But in Mr. Bowring's version, the general adherence to the language of the Prayer-Book is so faithful, that no one can fail to see at once either the identity or the disguise; and we fret at the unaccustomed monotony and the ever-returning chimes, something as we should if the sea should begin to murmur sonatas, or the wind to whistle tunes. Nor is it simply that any change of form, impressed by a foreign cast of mind on poetry that has sunk deep into the heart of ages, is distressing and bewildering. Unless we are making the mistake with which modern philosophy so often reproaches us,—of confounding the "second nature" of constant association with the original nature of inherent constitution,—there is something in most of the Hebrew poetry which is essentially inconsistent with the framework of defined metre or rhyme. No doubt there are Hebrew lyrics which, had rhyme and fixed measure been then a recognized form of poetical expres-

sion, would have been naturally and effectively thrown into that form. Such we may recognize in David's lament over Saul and Jonathan; and again, in those many Psalms which approach more in cast and conception to the religious poetry of our own day,—that is, to an artistic presentation of the devotional feelings of man,—than to the sublimer type of the more characteristic Hebrew poetry, which seems generally to be busied with a direct delineation of God. But in most of the finer Psalms, and even more in the wonderful poetry of Isaiah and the minor prophets, there is something that defies the laws of regular metre or rhyme,—something that breaks through and rises up above them, when they are artificially imposed. Not that we are of the number of those who regard these natural forms of poetry as arbitrary and ornamental restrictions, observed only in order to enhance the beauty of the essential thought; rather, to the true poet, are they fresh powers, new media of expression, enabling him to say much which otherwise must have remained forever untold. Metrical beauty is the inborn music, as it were, which beats a natural accompaniment to the creative toil of the imagination, and vindicates the essential unity of the life which runs through it. As the conception of the poet is born slowly into the common language of mankind, the rhythm and harmony of the whole afford a real test of the depth and power of the creative genius, as distinguished from a faculty of mere mechanical construction. But though this is true of poetic efforts in general, it does not, we think, apply to the greater works of the Hebrew poets, for the following reason. Marvellous as is the imaginative power which they display, yet, for the most part, they are not, in the strict sense, works of imagination,—works, that is, of which the purpose, unity, and proportions, are seized beforehand by the over-seeing imagination, and worked out by it into their full development. On the contrary, they seem expressly to renounce all claim to imaginative unity, properly so called,—nay, to insist passionately on the fragmentary and isolated nature of the glimpses which they gain into the Eternal secret,—to testify that the riddle of God's Providence is hidden from them, though the spirit of his life is revealed. And while this is the case, while the greatest imaginative beauties of the Hebrew poets

have no living imaginative centre or unity of their own, but are used mostly as scattered symbols of spiritual truths which pierce the natural and visible universe at isolated points, rather than harmonize and explain it, it seems almost a mockery to round them off with a rhythm and a rhyme, which are the appropriate dress of finished creations. They are greater than other poems from the very same cause which renders them less complete. The plan of the universe was too great a plan to grasp, though here and there it was given to the Hebrew poets to shed upon it a brilliant light. And the fragmentary character of their insight is fitly mirrored in the broken music of our prose versions. When, indeed, the mind of the poet dwelt directly and exclusively on the spiritual perfection of God, the harmony of his theme ensured a certain imaginative unity in his work. But when, as was more common, it was his effort to afford some glimpse into the mystery of Providence, it was his very aim to maintain that what was visible to the imagination had no independent unity or significance in itself; he appealed for the solution of the human drama to the undeclared counsels of God and affirmed his faith in a heavenly music, inaudible as yet, lurking under the apparent discords of human destiny, rather than proclaimed what that music was. And in all such direct appeals from the visible to the invisible,—in all such confessions that the principle of harmony was still undiscovered, that the truth was shrouded in mystery,—the perfect rhythm, which seems to mark the natural march of a visible order and harmony, is far less suitable than the natural speech in which all that is incipient or fragmentary in human life finds its natural medium of expression. Milton, with true poetic insight, as we think, into this principle, confined his poetical versions of the Psalms to those more strictly devotional outpourings in which the human heart is expressed, rather than those in which the "burden of the mystery" of Divine government is half relieved and half magnified. Is there not something obviously and painfully incongruous, for instance, in any versification of such verses as these, which bear the impress of all the characteristic genius of Hebrew poetry?—

"Whither shall I go then from thy spirit,
or whither shall I go then from thy presence?
If I climb up into heaven, thou art there: if

I go down to hell, thou art there also. If I take the wings of the morning, and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there also shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, peradventure the darkness shall cover me, then shall my night be turned to day. Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee: but the night is clear as the day: the darkness and the light to thee are both alike."

To us the broken harmony of the metre, the absence of rhyme,—in other words, the absence of any affectation of satisfied or adequate imaginative power,—is absolutely essential to portray the insupportable burden of the mystery weighing on the mind of the poet. And it is not the deficiency in the art of the following lines in Mr. Bowring's version, but rather the attempt at art at all,—the very effort to run the thoughts of the Psalmist into smooth verse,—which repels us. It could not, indeed, have been made by any one who had fully entered into the heart of the original.

"Where from thy spirit shall I go? where from thy presence hide?
Climb I to heaven, thou'rt there; or go to hell, thou'rt by my side.
If morning's wings I take, and dwell beside the farthest sea,
E'en there thy hand shall lead me, and thy right hand succor me.
If peradventure I should say, The darkness shall surround me,
Then shall my night be turned to day, and utterly confound me.
No darkness darkness is with thee; as clear as day is night;
For unto thee alike appear the darkness and the light."

We wonder the mere attempt to rhyme such thoughts as these did not at once convince all who made the attempt, that there is no discord like that which fastens outward symbols of artistic unity on elemental heavings of human thought which are expressly confessed as utterly beyond the control of the thinker. To rhyme the thunders of Sinai would seem to us a scarcely less appropriate task; or, to make what is perhaps a fairer comparison, how would it be possible to translate Jacob's awe-struck exclamation, on awaking from the dream in which he had seen the ladder with angels ascending and descending between heaven and earth,—
"How dreadful is this place! this is none other than the house of God, this is the gate of heaven!"—into any more finished metrical form that would equally well express the

inadequacy of the imagination to grasp the thoughts on which it brooded? Yet this one sentence might be taken as a perfect condensation of the attitude in which the imagination of the Hebrew poet was left when most deeply stirred by the breath of divine inspiration.

But we have no intention of dwelling further on the merits of any attempt to reduce to metre and rhyme our English translations of the Hebrew poets. The renewed effort to exhibit some of them in a form adapted to certain exigencies of the popular taste, may well be taken as the occasion of a few observations on their intrinsic genius and literary character. It is a strange thing that, among all the various criticism of modern times, there should have been so little effort to appreciate the special relation of the Hebrew poetry to the poetry of other nations and other ages. However true it may be that by far the highest value of the writings of the Hebrew poets is not literary, but spiritual and moral; that they are generally read—and generally rightly read—for purposes from which any literary estimate of their qualities and worth is far removed; still, to the student of national literatures, no phenomena can be either more remarkable or more instructive than those of a literature produced in a moral climate so widely separated from that of all other nations as the Hebrew. The more profoundly we accept the spiritual inspiration of the Hebrew poets,—only rejecting, of course, the absurd doctrine of absolute verbal dictation, by the Divine Spirit, through the mechanical instrumentality of certain chosen men, which obviously degrades them from poets into amanuenses at once,—the more remarkable these phenomena must be; for the more completely new will the conditions be under which the human imagination acts; the more instructive will be the contrast between literatures which, like the Greek or the Teutonic, seem the indigenous development of strictly human conditions of imagination, acting without the consciousness, at least, of any supernatural constraint, and that which is educed, from first to last, out of the creative germs of a divine inspiration. What are the distinctive features of such a literature? What are the characteristics which it has in common with all other literatures? Surely these are questions of no trifling interest, and deserve to have attracted

more attention than they have from the comprehensive criticism of modern days. On one of the characteristic aspects of this exceptional literature we have already lightly touched, in indicating the incongruity between the Hebrew poems and the moulds into which the higher imaginative compositions of other literatures naturally fall. The same or similar threads of thought may be pursued into many different fields of illustration. We cannot pretend to do more, within the limits of a short essay like the present, than to draw out some of the more striking features of the subject, so far as they are fairly within the observation of a critic who has no access to those subtler beauties in the original poems which not even the marvellous skill of the English translators can well have retained in their noble versions.

Perhaps we shall get the distinctest conception of the characteristic aspects of the Hebrew imagination, if we look first at what may be called its least unique, its least individual efforts,—those exquisite pastoral and national traditions in which the imagination can certainly not be said to have been properly *creative* at all, but only formative and selective; evincing its special characteristics rather by the details on which it fixes and the prominence it gives to special features in the tradition, than by any productive power of its own. In such pastoral traditions as the book of Genesis records, or in the later but equally simple and lovely story of the book of Ruth, there is more of that common beauty and simplicity which belongs to the early records of all great nations,—more which in its rural pictures and quiet naturalism reminds us at times of the *Odyssey* or the Scandinavian poems,—more of that “freshness of the early world” which belongs to the childhood of humanity itself, and therefore fewer characteristically Hebrew features,—than in any other part of the Bible literature. Few can read the account of Abraham’s servant waiting beside his kneeling camels at the well outside the “city of Nabor” till the hour of sunset, when the women came out to draw; of his first meeting with Rebekah, her kindly help in drawing for him and his camels, and her joyful return into the city with news of the discovered relationship to his master, and the gold bracelets and earrings with which he had loaded her,—without being in some measure reminded of the beautiful narrative in the

Odyssey, of the Princess Nansikaa and her maidens going out for the day to wash the clothes of the household in the little river of the island, and disturbing by their lamentations over the loss of their ball the sleeping Ulysses. In both cases alike, a higher agency is made the thread of the story. The servant of Abraham is seeking a wife for his young master from among his own people, and God has "sent his angel before him," to choose for Isaac a wife more suitable than Canaan could have produced. Nansikaa, again, is represented as acting under the impulse of Athene, whose care for Ulysses prepares for him this fortunate meeting with the princess. In both cases, therefore, the naturalness of the life delineated is in a certain way bound up with the national religion,—or, as we must call it in the case of Greece, mythology; and the contrast between them is a fair illustration of the contrast between the national imagination of the two races. A light fancy plays round all the delineations of the one; a serious satisfaction in thus tracing out the ways of the ancestral Providence animates and condenses every description in the other. It is not that the actors are at all less human, less strictly natural; the golden bracelets are at least as much prized by Rebekah and her friends, as are the "delicate garments" which haunt Nansikaa's dreams, and which it is her greatest delight to wash. But the one tale is largely embellished, if not entirely created, by a graceful fancy; the other is a cherished link in the national life. The one is full of simile and by-play, and evidently sets as much store by the discursive illustrations as by the story itself,—which, indeed, we cannot but feel, is little more than a framework invented for the sake of the pictures it contains; the other runs directly and eagerly on to its conclusion. The crowd of Phœacian maidens striving gaily with each other while stamping out the clothes in the water-troughs, and afterwards dancing and singing and throwing the ball on the banks of the stream, are not more widely different as a picture from the grave Rebekah with the pitcher on her shoulder, coming from the city to draw, than is the treatment of the theme in the Greek poem from that in the Hebrew narrative.

"She went, but followed by her virgin train,
At the delightful rivulet arrived,
Where those perennial cisterns were prepared,
With purest chrysal of the fountain fed

Profuse, sufficient for the deepest stains :

Loosing the mules, they drove them forth to
browse

On the sweet herb beside the dimpled flood.

The carriage next light'ning, they bore in
hâ-d

The garments down to the unsullied wave,
And thrust them heap'd into the pools, their
task

Despatching brisk, and with an emulous haste.
When they had all purified, and no spot
Could now be seen or blemish more, they
spread

The raiment orderly along the beach
Where dashing tides had cleansed the pebbles
most,

And laving, next, and smoothing o'er with
oil

Their limbs, all seated on the river's bank,
They took repast, leaving the garments
stretched

In noonday fervor of the sun to dry.

Their hunger satisfied, at once arose

The mistress and her train, and putting off
Their head attire, played wanton with the
ball,

The princess singing to her maids the while.

Such as shaft-arm'd Diana roams the hills,

Taygetus sky-capt or Erymanth,

The wild-boar chasing, or fleet-footed hind,

All joy; the rural nymphs, daughters of Jove,

Sport with her, and Latona's heart exults :

She high her graceful head above the rest,

And features lifts divine, though all be fair,

With ease distinguishable from them all :

So all her train she, virgin pure, surpassed.

"The princess then, casting the ball toward
A maiden of her train, erroneous threw,
And plunged it deep into the dimpling stream,
All shrieked; Ulysses at the sound awoke,
And sitting, meditated thus the cause :
Ah me ! what mortal race inhabit here ?
Rude are they, contumacious, and unjust ?
Or hospitable and who fear the Gods ? " etc.*

Compare with this the interview between
Abraham's steward and Rebekah.

"And the servant ran to meet her, and said,
Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of
thy pitcher. And she said, Drink, my lord :
and she hasted, and let down her pitcher
upon her hand, and gave him drink. And
when she had done giving him drink, she
said, I will draw for thy camels also, until
they have done drinking. And the man
wondering at her held his peace, to wit
whether the Lord had made his journey prosper-
ous or not. And it came to pass, as the
camels had done drinking, that the man took
a golden earring of half a shekel weight, and
two bracelets for her hands of ten shekels
weight of gold. And said, whose daughter
art thou ? tell me, I pray thee, is there room
in thy father's house for us to lodge in ?

* Cowper's translation of the Odyssey.

And she said to him, I am the daughter of Bethuel the son of Milcah, which she bare unto Nahor. She said moreover unto him, We have both straw and provender enough, and room to lodge in. And the man bowed down his head, and worshipped the Lord. And he said, Blessed be the Lord God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy and his truth: I being in the way, the Lord led me to the house of my master's brethren. And the damsel ran, and told them of her mother's house these things. And Rebekah had a brother, whose name was Laban; and Laban ran unto the man unto the well. And it came to pass, when he saw the earring and bracelets upon his sister's hands, and when he heard the words of Rebekah his sister, saying, Thus spake the man unto me, that he came unto the man; and, behold, he stood by the camels at the well. And he said, Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; wherefore standest thou without? for I have prepared the house, and room for the camels."

Now, of course, we do not expect in what professes to be true narrative anything like the same play of fancy, the same plentiful growth of subsidiary life, as we may well look for in the confessedly legendary poems of Greece. But the remarkable point, as regards the Hebrew imagination, is exactly this,—that, being so powerful and vivid as we know it to have been, it nevertheless clings so closely to past reality, to ancestral traditions, and never seems to have exercised itself in creating or developing, from existing germs, imaginative traditions such as abound in the Greek and Teutonic literature. With numberless rude fragments of heroic story ready to its purpose, such as we find scattered through the Book of Judges, for example, there seems to have been no tendency in the Hebrew imagination to give that life and form and development to them, which the popular imagination of an imaginative people is generally so ready to impart. There is no literature with so many abandoned fragments of story as the Hebrew. Where the true history lives, it lives with marvellous vividness in their imagination; to that the national mind evidently clings with intense tenacity; but where the history becomes discontinuous, where there is only the "shadow of a great name," the imaginative power does not seem to step into its place. It is not with the Hebrew people a productive, but, as regards human story, only a representative power; it does not multiply, but only preserves, the

hints of the past; it is, in its human sphere at all events, not a discursive and prolific capacity, but merely a faculty of glowing and tenacious vision or retrospect.

Perhaps, natural as it is, it may be a mistake warranted by a very partial experience, to connect as we do great imaginative power with fertility and luxuriance of conception. Any national or any individual mind that can summon invisible, and even past, scenes and actions so vividly before it as to live, as it were, in their presence and under their influence, must be said to live, in the highest sense, an imaginative life. There is in such a mind a faculty of spiritual vision which rivals the power of the senses. But there need not be necessarily any fertility of imagination, any power of reproducing in new and varied shapes the impressions gathered from the invisible forms of life on which it feeds. "If," said Coleridge, in distinguishing between fancy and imagination, "the check of the reason and senses were withdrawn, fancy would become *delirium*, and imagination *mania*." The Hebrew imagination was of this latter type. It was the pervading presence of one or two great—sometimes perverted—spiritual impressions, or convictions, which gave the unity to their traditions, and their characteristic intensity to their thought and language. The haunting power of two great convictions, national unity and supernatural guidance, supplies at once the main connecting threads of Jewish tradition. But an imagination thus haunted could not well be fertile or original in its dealings with human story; for national pride is conservative, not inventive; and the mind which feeds eagerly on the evidences of an actual providence, will not care to live in a world of its own creation.

These two great convictions, of national unity and supernatural guidance, are, then, we believe, the two principal centres of Jewish imagination, which at once precluded its being creative like the Greek, and also governed the selection and arrangement of even its simplest and most strictly human traditions. All of them have one thread connecting them with the growth and glory of the national life,—another parallel thread illustrating the wonderful providence of supernatural government. For example, there is no tradition in the Hebrew literature which is at first sight less closely interwoven with either of these

threads, more purely composed of universal human elements, than the story of Ruth. Hartley Coleridge, in verses commenting on the mysterious "tale of bloodshed" which constitutes the history of Israel, has called this story an oasis of human beauty in "the wild and waste of Bible truth." Yet the cause of its preservation and consecration among the chronicles of the nation is scarcely the loveliness of the rural picture of the young gleaner in the harvest-fields of Bethlehem followed by the kindly eye of the rich farmer bidding his "young men" drop ears on purpose for her from the sheaves; nor even the mere devotedness of heart which made Ruth "cleave" to Naomi. It is on the one side the pleasure in the providential reward which was allotted to an alien woman of Moab for her abandonment of her country and gods in order to embrace the faith, and identify herself with the fortunes, of Israel; on the other side, the fact, that David, the great king of Israel, was descended so nearly from her,—which made this beautiful narrative so precious to the Jews. And Naomi said, "Behold thy sister-in-law is gone back *unto her people and unto her gods*; return thou after thy sister-in-law. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge,—thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." And again, "Boaz answered and said unto her, it hath fully been shown me all that thou hast done unto thy mother-in-law since the death of thy husband, and how thou hast left thy father, and thy mother, and the land of thy nativity, and art come unto a people which thou knewest not heretofore. The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." And the narrative ends, and as it were justifies itself, by tracing the descent of David from the marriage of Boaz and Ruth.

In fact, incidentally beautiful and tender as many of the early traditions of Israel are, we are satisfied that the imagination of the Jews dwelt chiefly, if not entirely, on the illustrations they contain of the two great spiritual realities on which their hearts were fixed,—the divine unity of their nation, and the supernatural Providence which watched over its children individually, and its collective des-

tinies. In saying this, of course we do not pretend that this accounts for the imaginative beauty and power with which these traditions are told; we merely indicate the kindling convictions which stirred the thoughts of the writers who first embodied them in their present shape. The visionary eye and ear must of course have been theirs, or no intensity of spiritual convictions could have enabled them by a few simple touches to delineate scenes that must live as long as the human race. But this visionary faculty would be entirely quiescent, were not some kindling faith or conception to excite its activity. The life and interpretation of the outward picture is in the spirit; and if "the eyes of them that see" are not to "be dim, and the ears of them that hear" are to "hearken," it must be that the visions and sounds which pass before them are connected and engraved upon the seer by some inward trust or love. The spiritual roots, so to say, of the Hebrew traditional poems are the faith in the glorious destiny of the nation, and the overseeing Providence of God as the power which had wrought out that destiny and should further work it out to its conclusion.

But if we have found it easy to trace the main streams of popular tradition to those two closely allied and indeed ultimately identical sources,—the pride of national unity and greatness, and the delight in tracing the movements of that guiding hand which had shaped the discipline of the nation in shaping the lot of its fathers and its kings,—we shall find it yet easier to trace the same overruling thoughts in those "occasional" poems, as we may call them, which are still preserved among its records. Of course, where the occasions are directly political, as in the case of the lament of David over the death of Saul and Jonathan, or the vindictive psalm of Deborah over the fate of Sisera, we should look to find these thoughts most conspicuous; and yet, in both cases, very few readers are at all aware how entirely these thoughts give their whole unity and coloring to the poems. In the one case, the beauty of the personal lament which David pours forth for Jonathan; and in the other, the intensity of the personal exultation with which Deborah depicts the murder of Sisera,—have distracted our thoughts from the real imaginative roots of the poems. Certainly, the true spirit of David's lamentation is not caught, if the ex-

pressions of love for his friend with which it closes are regarded as the essential thought of the poem. Strong as that feeling is, it is clearly subordinate for the time to a grander and a stronger feeling, and one which ruled more completely in the future king of Israel's heart than any individual affection. The defeat and death of Saul had been announced to him by an Amalekite, who expected the injured and exiled chief to receive it as good news, and even to reward him for the part he had taken as an accessory to the slaughter of the defeated king. Saul, says the messenger, in his despondency at his overthrow, had implored him, as he passed by, to put an end to his life; and he had complied. The horror that David feels for this profane spilling of the blood of the anointed king of Israel, which he thinks must drop a curse on the very mountains of Gilboa, where it happened; his dread lest even the Philistines should hear and rejoice at that which the messenger had cruelly supposed might be welcome tidings to himself,—is the key-note of the lament.

"And David said unto him, How, wast thou not afraid to stretch forth thine hand to destroy the Lord's anointed? Thy blood be upon thy head; for thy mouth hath testified against thee, saying, I have slain the Lord's anointed: and David lamented with this lamentation over Saul and over Jonathan his son. The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places, how are the mighty fallen! Tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askalon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph. Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither rain upon you, nor fields of offering; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul, as though not anointed with oil. From the blood of the slain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan turned not back, and the sword of Saul returned not empty. Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. They were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions. Ye daughters of Israel, weep for Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights; who put on ornaments of gold on your apparel. How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan! thou wast slain in thy high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!"

Personal grief is only an episode in the lament, though constituting its greatest beauty; the representative character of the king and his son as the chiefs of Israel, appointed by God, is the prominent thought; and the ignominy of the shield cast away before the enemy constitutes the burden of the song. Again, in what may fairly be called the greatest war-song of any age or nation,—the exultation of Deborah over Sisera's complete defeat, and subsequent assassination by the hand of Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite,—no doubt personal revenge might seem to blaze high above the faith in her nation and her God, as the kindling or exciting spiritual principle which brings the scene in such marvellous vividness before her eyes; but though this feeling may add perhaps some of the fire to the latter part of the poem, it is clear that her faith in the national unity, and God, as the source of the national unity, was the great binding thought of the whole. The song dwells, first, with the most intense bitterness on the decay of patriotism in the tribes that did not combine against the common foe: "For the divisions of Reuben," she says, "there were great searchings of heart. Why abodest thou among the sheepfolds, to hear the bleating of the flocks? For the divisions of Reuben there were great searchings of heart. Gilead abode beyond Jordan, and why did Dan remain in ships? Asher continued on 'he seashore, and abode in his breaches;" with which she contrasts the nobler conduct of Zabulon and Naphtali, who "jeopardied their lives unto the death on the high places of the field." Their kings came and fought, she says, and "took no gain of money;" and all powers of heaven and earth were on their side. "They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera; the river of Kishon swept them away, that ancient river, the river of Kishon. O my soul, thou hast trodden down strength." And the transition by which she passes to her fierce exultation over Sisera's terrible fate shows distinctly what was the main thought in her mind. "There was peace," we are told, between the king of Hazor, whose forces Sisera commanded, and Heber the Kenite; the latter was only distantly akin to the people of Israel; the help of his tribe was not expected; and yet, though the aid of many true Israelites was wanting, from his house came

the blow, treacherous though it was, which rid the nation of the dreaded and hated enemy.

"Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord; curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Blessed above women shall Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite be; blessed shall she be above women in the tent. He asked for water, and she gave him milk; she brought forth butter in a lordly dish; she put her hand to the nail, and her right hand to the workman's hammer; and with the hammer she smote Sisera, she smote off his head when she had pierced and stricken through his temples. At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down: at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead. The mother of Sisera looked out at a window, and cried through the lattice, Why is his chariot so long in coming? Why tarry the wheels of his chariots? Her wise ladies answered her, yea, she returned answer to herself, Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework, of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil? So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might."

The exultation with which the poet dwells on the treachery of the act, on the helpless prostration of the great captain's corpse before a mere woman's knees; the terrible minuteness with which she gloats over the raised expectations of the mother of the murdered soldier; the picture of the "wise ladies" in attendance suggesting triumphant reasons for the delay, and of the anxious eagerness with which she even suggested these reasons to herself,—no doubt indicate fierce personal as well as fierce patriotic triumph. But the whole tenor of this grand poem and the conclusion, "So let all thy enemies perish, O Lord: but let them that love thee be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might," at all events prove that the personal hatred was so closely bound up with the representative feelings of the writer as a judge of Israel, and with her trust in the Lord of Hosts, that the latter lent a kind of halo to the unscrupulous ferocity of the former.

The two poems we have noticed celebrate critical and exciting political events. But nothing is more striking than the tendency of all lyrical poetry, among the Hebrews, to

connect itself with the same haunting conceptions of the national unity and the national Providence. The great number of beautiful poems which directly or indirectly are connected with the Babylonian captivity, are all of this class. Instead of containing, as might be expected, a mere pathetic record of individual privations and sorrows, they all of them seem to speak in the name of the nation; and to address God, not as the healer of individual affliction, but as holding in his hand the destiny of the nation, whose common suffering or common joy was inseparable from their own. Such, for instance, is the beautiful psalm written "by the waters of Babylon," which ends with curses on the oppressors almost as fierce as those of Deborah's song. Such, too, is the still more beautiful poem in which the restoration of Israel to their own land is solemnized, and the captivity treated as a source of spiritual blessing, rather than a curse. Even the heathens, it tells us, confessed that the Lord had "done great things for them," and so it was; for, as the dry bed of the winter torrent returns again when the parching summer is past,—as the seed sown in grief returns in joy in the yellow sheaves of harvest,—so by one of those rapid and unreal changes of fate which make even the waking ask if they dream, they found themselves returning to their land; once more a nation, and once again assured of the unchangeable purposes of their God.

"When the Lord turned again the captivity of Sion: then were we like unto them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter: and our tongue with joy. Then said they among the heathen, the Lord hath done great things for them. Yea, the Lord hath done great things for us already: whereof we rejoice. Turn our captivity, O Lord: as the rivers in the south. They that sow in tears; shall reap in joy. He that now goeth on his way weeping, and beareth forth good seed, shall doubtless come again with joy, and bring his sheaves with him."

It is, then, we believe, a matter of fact, that the imagination of the Hebrew poets is never thoroughly stirred by mere individual emotion. Nothing is more striking than the tendency of their individual and solitary moods of thought to widen, as the fire kindles, into meditations on the national history and the mysteries of its supernatural providence. Often the turn is so sudden and abrupt, that, to our modern ears, in which history and

poetry sound incompatible terms; the transition seems abrupt and disturbing. The poet who is sinking under the burden of disease and sorrow, and is pouring forth what seems a weight of strictly private trouble into the ear of God, has no sooner confessed that it is "his own infirmity," and not the neglect of the Most High, which makes his weariness seem so intolerable, than he plunges into the "wonders of old," and ends his hymn with what to modern ears sounds like a strange anti-climax: "Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known. *Thou leddest thy people like sheep by the hands of Moses and Aaron.*" Lyrics proper, no doubt, there are many in the book of Psalms; but usually the clear vision of God summons up by a kind of necessity the image of the nation, and the story of the nation's fates.

Sometimes, we seem to understand better the characteristic moving power of a great literature by contrasting it with that of a different people or age, than by contemplating it as it is in itself. It would be untrue to say that the Hebrew literature is wholly devoid of any feeling of art; for it must be confessed, that when a great faith has to be expressed, or a great problem stated, there is that powerful instinct for comparison and contrast which is almost inseparable from a vivid and, so to say, haunted imagination. Art is, after all, only a second nature; and want of artistic power is not felt until the first glow of poetic fire begins to fade. But certainly there is in the Hebrew literature about as little conscious art as in any literature in the world. Let us look at it, for instance, in one aspect only. Considering the vivid pictorial power with which it abounds, how utterly destitute is it of artistic painting,—of coloring or drawing, that is, for the sake of the picture itself, rather than for any purpose which the picture is to answer! We may, perhaps, best illustrate what we mean by a contrast between one of the poetical fragments of Jewish history, and the modern rendering of it by Sir Walter Scott. The kindling or germinal thought which induced that great artist to versify the fragment to which we allude, was the sense of mere external picturesqueness; while the purpose which was stirring in the heart of the Hebrew writer was the desire we have so often spoken of, to record the glory of the national life, and the might of the out-

stretched arm of Jehovah, which made it what it was. Writing of the guidance of the people of Israel through the desert, the author of the book of Exodus says: "And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light; to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people." (xiii. 21, 22.) Which Sir Walter Scott renders into this well-known verse:—

"When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful Guide, in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow."

The occupation of mind betrayed with the picture of the desert scenery; the external effects of the pillar of cloud and of fire; the astonishment with which the solemn procession would be regarded by the Arabian tribes; the relief of the dark object amid the noon-day desert-glare; the bright patch of sand moving through the midnight;—are all given in a manner utterly foreign to that of the Hebrew poet. The modern artist is delighting in the scenic effect; while the ancient chronicler was wholly occupied with the overshadowing power of God.

The poet, as we understand him in modern days, is perhaps only too exclusively a student of beauty; and much that he delineates he delineates without any further reason than that it has shaped itself vividly in his imagination, and seems to demand from him an expression in words. There is not a vestige of such poetry in the Old Testament, unless, indeed, we may except Solomon's song. We have traced already the thread of significance which has given a place in the Bible to those traditions which modern readers so often value chiefly for the pictures of Rebekah "by the palm-shaded well," or Ruth gleaning among the yellow corn. But when we study what we may call the casual pictures in the Bible,—the wealth of poetic material strewn among its pages, which is used only by the Hebrew poets in incidental illustration and allusion,—this complete absence of the artistic value for beauty and sublimity as such becomes extremely striking. Modern poets are never tired of dwelling directly on the beauty

of nature. The "sunshine," they tell us, "is a glorious birth." They never weary "of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower." And the Hebrew poet perceived these things too; but how did he use them? "The God of Israel," sings David, "said, the Rock of Israel spake to me, He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear of God. And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds;—as the tender grass springing out of the earth in the clear shining after rain." We should not know that Isaiah had ever lingered on the beach of Palestine, watching the Mediterranean as it cast up seaweed and the soil of many a neighboring island under the lash of the west wind, but for the passing image: "The wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no rest, saith my God, for the wicked." We should never guess that he had watched the Tyrian sailors trying to shake out canvas under a light wind, with a crippled ship to manage, but for the metaphorical denunciation against the enemies of the Lord: "Thy tacklings are loosed; they could not well strengthen their mast; they could not spread their sail." How totally different from the spirit of the modern poet!—

"As some grave Tyrian trader from the sea
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-haired creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow,
Among the Egean isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs and tunnies steeped in brine,
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,—
The young, light-hearted master of the waves;
And snatched his rudder, and shook out more sail,
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue midland waters with the gale,"
etc.

In every line here the poet lingers with satisfied eye on some fresh beauty; while, however grand the scene before the mind of the Hebrew poet, it is to the meaning behind it that he is hurrying on. Thus the Psalmist had certainly gazed with awe on the grandeur of the sudden "white squalls" of the Mediterranean; and yet, but for the passing allusion to God's power,—“He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind which lifteth up the waves thereof; they mount up to the heavens; they go down to the depths; their soul is

melted because of trouble; they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they be quiet. So he bringeth them to the desired haven,”—he would never have embodied what he had seen in a poem. Any modern poet would have delighted to dwell upon the scene: the pale line of foam scudding nearer and nearer before the blast; the blue sea suddenly turning black beneath the cloud, and then lashed into whiteness by the squall; the cries of the sailors; the quivering of the ship as the tempest strikes her;—in short, he would have made a picture of it, and then, touching on the despair of the passengers, would gradually have led up to the pity and power of God. But to the Hebrew poet the thing is not interesting in itself, as a picture, at all; it is a passing symbol of Almighty goodness and discipline; he uses it only to express his intense sense of the omnipresence of providential power.

So, too, with the common imagery of modern Christian poetry—mountains, fields, trees. That the Hebrew poets felt the stateliness of the cedar; knew, too, when "the power of hills" was on them, were alive to the grateful shelter of the "leafy spring,"—no one who reads their pages can doubt. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap, the cedars of Lebanon which he hath planted:" "he watereth the hills from his chambers—the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works." "In the Lord put I my trust: how say ye to my soul, Flee as a bird to your mountain? For lo, the wicked bend their bow," etc. And yet we never find a single express delineation of the plains of Hebron, or the snows of Lebanon, of sunset in the Mediterranean as the prophets must have seen it go down from Mount Carmel, of the valley of the Jordan, or of the desolate solitudes of the Dead Sea,—in all their writings. These things are alluded to, but only and purely to express their higher thoughts of God—as a kind of pictorial language of trust, prophecy, or prayer—never from the sense of their individual beauty. "He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains." "Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy winds," are mentioned; but only "as

fulfilling his word." These things are not beautiful for their own sakes, but glorious only as the instruments of his will. "Hear, ye mountains," says the prophet Micah, "the Lord's controversy, and ye strong foundations of the earth;" and even there, alone with the hills and the sky, he pours forth no wonder at the glory of nature, but while uttering indignation at the sins of men, uses nature only allusively, as the instrument to shadow forth his thought. So also, to the shepherd Amos, the mountain winds and the midnight stars are no study in themselves, but a fleeting glimpse of the eternal power: "Lo, he that formed the mountains and createth the wind and declareth to man what is his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth—the Lord, the God of Hosts, is his name." "Ye who turn judgments to wormwood, and leave off righteousness in the earth: seek him that maketh the seven stars and Orion, and turneth the shadow of death into the morning, and maketh the day dark unto night; that calleth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the earth. The Lord of hosts is his name." It is not easy to conceive a sublimer characteristic of the Hebrew poetry than this, that it treats all creation as a mere shadow; and finds the essence of its beauty, as well as the sustaining power of its life, in the spiritual world.

And it is this total absence from the Hebrew literature of any trace of human Art,—its complete want of appreciation for the subordinate perfections of inferior natures and groups of life, each "after its kind,"—its constant effort to refer all things to the divine will and thought as the true centre and root of all things,—its indisposition to enter with any depth or breadth of interest into the inner life of any inferior nature, except so far as that inner life points some visible divine end,—in a word, its preference for studying the universal beauty of life only in God's will, instead of studying God's will in the universal beauty,—which makes the Hebrew poetry so distinct in kind from the larger portion of the poetry of other literatures. It resolves the visible world into a hieroglyphic of the spiritual world; and even regards all these regions of naturalistic life rather impatiently, as a veil, where they do not seem to aid directly in the work of revelation. Purpose,

significance, beauty, natural harmony, in the visible creation, if they do not bear directly on the moral and spiritual relations with God, are consigned indiscriminately to the general realm of his mysterious acts of power; and are valued only as illustrating the scale, grandeur, and infinite multiplicity of his energies. "The young lions roar after their prey, they seek their meat from God. The sun ariseth, they gather themselves together and lay them down in their dens. Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor till the evening. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. . . . These all wait upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season; that thou givest them they gather. Thou openest thine hand, they are filled with good; thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die and return to their dust." How different this from the imaginative care with which Homer, for instance, would dwell on the characteristic nature and individual habits of the lion!—

"So forth he went, as goes the lion forth,
Whom winds have vexed, and rains; fire fills
his eyes,
And whether herds of flocks or woodland
deer
He finds, he rends them, and adust for blood,
Abstains not even from the guarded fold."

What is not seen to be essential to the moral and spiritual beauty and constitution of the universe, enters into the Hebrew poet's thought only as illustrating the unsearchable riches of God; and has no intrinsic interest and no fascination for the imagination apart from this view of it. Now this, we need not say, puts a great gulf between this and ordinary literatures. Man is usually interested in all varieties of human and finite beauty or life, without special or exclusive reference, at all events, to their divine purpose. He may recognize the necessary degradation which all natural beauty undergoes when the divine light no longer shines upon it; but still, usually the first poetic instinct is indicated by a capacity for entering into the heart of natural life,—it may be the mental and moral varieties of human nature, or it may be the simple life of the flower of the stream,—and rising, if he should so rise, through this vividness of sympathy with Nature to the spirit-

* Odyssey, vi. 180, Cowper's translation.

ual meanings or symbols it may suggest. He sees the daffodils fluttering and dancing in the breeze beside the lake, and says,—

“The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;”

and it is not till he has, as it were, reached the very essence of the natural loveliness before him, that he dilates on the unsuspected stores of joy they have brought to “that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude.” But this is quite alien to the habit of the old Hebrew poet; he saw the divine light shining on the world of nature and man, but scarcely shining *through* the world of nature and man, except in the direction of man’s moral and spiritual life. He took no pleasure in rising *through* the purely natural to the supernatural; he looked with awe on God’s works, because he knew, and entered into, and worshipped God’s spirit; but he did not care to explore what he might reverently call the non-spiritual aspects of the wisdom of God, through a life of patient and quiet sympathy with the natural beauties of his works.

Hence the modes of thought most natural to a modern poet,—such modes of thought as gave Shakspeare his ‘genial insight into the varieties of human passion and action, or Wordsworth and Tennyson their insight into those spiritual aspects of Nature which only close study and meditative sympathy discloses,—were, in general, quite foreign to the poets of Israel. As the Jewish thinkers had little share in forwarding that growth of science and the arts which were due, in Greece, to a minute intellectual study of the laws of physical creation,—so Jewish poets had little share in forwarding that growth of epic and dramatic literature, which also arose in Greece, and was due to the growing insight into the ways of man, and the affinities between man and the natural world around him. So far, indeed, as the *spiritual* nature of man was concerned, the Hebrew poetry contains a delineation full of sympathetic insight. All the highest resources of the poet are exhausted in describing the thirst for God of which the soul of man is conscious. The “hart panting after the water-brooks,”—the “dry and thirsty land where no water is,”—the tempest-driven bird seeking refuge from the storm,—do but serve to remind us of the many tender and characteristic poems of this

class in which the Hebrew literature abounds. But go beyond the *spiritual* nature of man, and the sympathy of the Hebrew poets is dried up at once. Even into the varieties of moral temperament no insight is shown. The line is drawn between the wicked and the good; and in all the contemplative poetry of the Bible no interest is betrayed in the inward varieties of impulse, motive, and affection, which distinguish the innumerable *kinds* of human excellence or frailty from each other. Pride and humility, insincerity and uprightness, avarice and generosity, are condemned and praised, without one trace of meditative or instinctive intelligence of the constitutional frailties and gifts which vary so infinitely the degrees of guilt or virtue attaching to them in different men and different circumstances; the absolute divine standard is clearly displayed; the relative human conditions are left entirely out of view. The poet who can delineate with so inspired a pen the divine “beauty of holiness,” has little or no interest in the wonderfully varied forms of human conflict through which that beauty must be pursued. His central sympathy is with the divine life of God,—his compassion is equal and impartial for all the shortcomings of human unworthiness; *kinds* he does not distinguish; it is not into the individual heart that he has taught himself to enter; the natural history of human character it is not for him to write, for his is the greater task of delineating for us the character which “is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.”

One of the finest, and perhaps the earliest, of all the poems in the Hebrew literature,—that in which the Divine origin of creation is revealed to man under an imaginative form of erroneous physical history, often foolishly regarded as invalidating the spiritual authority of the whole,—not only gives us the true key to the problem of the universe, but points out, at the same time, the characteristic aspects under which alone the Jewish poets and prophets were likely to regard the life of nature and humanity. The purpose and order of the lower universe, we are told, is man; to the use of man all the lower forms of life are made subject; but man, again, finds all his meaning and life in God; and all nature, therefore,—human nature included,—is to look for its significance to the word of God. From him all our life receives its order and

its meaning; it is the orderly succession of his creative work which is to be held as the ground of the like orderly succession in our tasks and duties; it was because there was in his mind a spring of eternal rest, as well as of creative energy, that we are enjoined to respect the law of rest, as well as the law of labor. In God is to be found the explanation of man's being; in man's being the explanation of every descending stage of creation. We have paraphrased, in very awkward language, the sublime words to which we refer; but this was necessary, in order to draw the attention of our readers to the point we wish to illustrate. The stately succession of created things springing into being beneath the living breath of God; the evenings, which see each fresh work accomplished, the mornings, which see the next begun; the orderly separation of earth and sky, of sea and land; the growth of grass and trees; the first circles of the sun, moon, and stars in the heavens; the new-born seasons; the creation of living creatures; the birth of man in God's image; the gift of the supremacy into his hands; and the divine sentence upon each new "kind" as it arises, and finally upon the whole, that it is good,—are all so familiar to us, that we are apt to overlook the characteristic thought it contains that each lower nature refers upward to the next above it, and the highest created nature to God: the light to the heavens; the heavens to the sun, moon, and stars; these to the earth; the earth to the vegetable world; this again, to the animal world above it; this to man, who rules over it, and man to God. At what link can you stop in such a chain? What nature can you study, without seeking the key to it in that next superior? And if so, how shall it be possible to stop at the natural at all, or imagine that we can study fitly any order that is not supernatural and eternal? Earthly and human beauty can only be relative, after all, and do not deserve a moment's attention, unless they symbolize a beauty that is absolute, perfect, and self-sustained. This revelation of the natural law of subordination of things and creatures is actually and not merely poetically true; and yet it naturally leads, of course, to an effort which could only be partially successful—to study the secrets of the universe in God, in whose image man is made, and to suppose every thing absolutely hidden from us on which

this direct communion with God throws no light. So far as spiritual life is concerned, this is the true order of study. He reveals his spirit to us directly; and without it nothing spiritual is intelligible at all. And the method of the Hebrew poetry, therefore, presents thus far not only the Divine truth, but the only true approach to the spiritual secrets of human life. But on other sides of our life this is not so. Though spiritual truth is known first through the knowledge of God; and though, without knowing him, all other truth is misseen and misconstrued,—yet, this key once gained, the range of its comprehension is indefinitely extended by studying God in nature and humanity, instead of contemplating nature and humanity only in God. And as the life of the universe was regarded by the prophets of Israel only on this latter side, there was necessarily a large field which their imagination never visited and represented. The various works of creation were pronounced separately good, "each after its kind;" but what those "kinds" were in themselves, it was left to Gentile nations and other ages to study and describe. To the writer in the book of Genesis, the life of each kind was merged in that of the kind above it; all the lower world in man, and man in God. And the national poets uniformly pursued this line of thought: all that was purely human, and all which was below the human type, was used only as *symbolic* of something higher, if not wholly passed by as existing exclusively for the sake of that which was above it.

And hence, all the poetry of the Old Testament is true and divine at the expense of variousness of insight and breadth of sympathy. It is what we might call a heliocentric, as distinguished from a geocentric, representation of life. The former gives the true and absolute standard; but for that very reason cannot enter into the natural history of human errors and human individuality. If you would study the life of earth, you must leave your central position in the sun. The strange habits and ways of man cannot be mastered by communion only with the spirit of God, though they cannot be understood at all without it. But the prophets, who were also the poets of Israel, were sent to announce and reveal the light, not to study the winding avenues by which alone it could penetrate the human heart.

Hence, we do not see in their strains the uplifted eye of the suppliant half so vividly as the searching glance of the Eternal. Fascinated by the supernatural gaze of the Almighty, the prophet often so identifies himself with God that he forgets his own person, and speaks in the very name of Jehovah. The Psalmists, for example, are always vacillating between the first person and the third when they deliver the purposes of God. As they warm with their spiritual inspiration, they lose themselves in the person of him who inspires them, and then are again recalled to themselves. And the prophets habitually fall into the same changing mode of address. "Behold," says Isaiah, "*I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling.*" "I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The prophet, as he writes, is no longer the child of Israel,—the holder himself of a cup of trembling,—a way-worn son of earth: he sees the high places of the earth far beneath his feet; he sees the cup of trembling held to the lips of others—he himself is sweeping the universe with the infinite gaze of God.

This sublime characteristic of the Hebrew prophets, that they seem almost to forget their human centre of life in their effort to delineate divine truth, is strikingly illustrated in the frequent surrender of their private lives and affections, for the purpose of sculpturing, in a living symbol, on the mind of their nation the lesson that no mere words could have taught. How far can any human being now, even distantly, comprehend the state of mind in which Ezekiel must have lived when he acted thus under the Divine inspiration?

"Also the word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke: yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men. So I spake unto the people in the morning: and at even my wife died; and I did in the morning as I was commanded. And the people said unto me, Wilt thou not tell us what these things are to us that thou doest so? Then I answered them, The word of the Lord came

unto me, saying, Speak unto the house of Israel, Thus saith the Lord God: Behold, I will profane my sanctuary, the excellency of your strength, the desire of your eyes, and that which your soul pitieth; and your sons and your daughters whom ye have left shall fall by the sword. And ye shall do as I have done; ye shall not cover your lips, nor eat the bread of men. And your tires shall be upon your heads, and your shoes upon your feet: ye shall not mourn nor weep; but ye shall pine away for your iniquities, and mourn one toward another. Thus Ezekiel is unto you a sign: according to all he hath done shall ye do: and when this cometh, ye shall know that I am the Lord God. Also thou son of man, shall it not be in the day when I take from them their strength, the joy of their glory, the desire of their eyes, and that whereupon they set their minds, their sons and their daughters, That he that escapeth in that day shall come unto thee to cause thee to hear it with thine ears? In that day shall thy mouth be opened to him which is escaped, and thou shalt speak, and be no more dumb: and thou shalt be a sign unto them; and they shall know that I am the Lord."

There is one great poem in the Hebrew Scriptures so remarkable and exceptional in every respect, that to pass over it without special comment, would be to disregard willfully one of the principal phenomena from which every adequate appreciation of the characteristics of the Old Testament poetry should be derived—the drama of Job. We have reversed our remarks on it to the last, because we cannot but hold, with many of the highest critical authorities, that it is nearly the latest, as well as the only formally artistic, product of the poetic genius of the Jews. This, at least, is in intention, as well as in fact, a literary effort,—an attempt to present, and perhaps more or less to solve, in a dramatic form some of the highest problems of our spiritual life. It is the only important book in the Old Testament which is not closely interwoven with the real history and life of the nation,—which stands apart as the single conscious effort of imagination amid all the imaginative riches it contains. We believe that it marks in many ways the culmination of the national genius, and the transition from the exclusively divine centre of the Hebrew poetic thought to the wider range of insight into nature and man, from the natural as well as the supernatural side, which was to succeed it. The very treatment of a divine theme under the human conditions of an im-

aginary drama, would alone appear to indicate this. The conflict with the narrowly Jewish conceptions of Providence which it contains, would also indicate it. The contemplative delight which the wonders of nature and the mysteries of animal life arouse in the writer's mind, and the minuteness with which they are painted, as well as the delineation of the inward perplexities of the spiritual life, all point to an origin in an age when that more genial appreciation of nature and man which we perceive in the later prophecies bearing the name of Isaiah, had been carried even further. Moreover, as regards man himself, the whole argument turns on the subtle distinction between that part of his nature, which, finite and short-sighted though he is, yet gives him a right to claim a real affinity with God, and that part which, finite and limited as it is, necessarily obscures his power of judgment. This is not a point which could well have been discussed in an early period of the Jewish literature.

There is an evident effort throughout the drama to distinguish the "creature" in Job from that "spirit" in him which gives him a right to plead with God. The drama is usually understood as a mere exposure of the false view which makes calamity a certain index of the wrath of God and therefore of guilt. This, no doubt it is; but it is also much more. It is a discussion of the mystery of God's relation to man, and to the lower universe. There is an effort, we believe, in the poem to show that man is related to God in two ways,—as a spiritual being, and as a creature. As a spiritual being, he may justify himself and speak what God himself cannot override, and will certainly affirm: as a creature, he is in complete ignorance of the lot it may be right for the Ruler of the universe to assign him; since he only can judge who sees the universe as a whole, who moves the very springs of its life. He cannot, and ought not, to accuse Providence of injustice in any external lot he may send, unless he could undertake to wield the whole scheme of Providence in his place; then, and then only, might he "disannul" God's judgment, and condemn him in order "to establish his own righteousness." The ignorant creature is wrong in criticising the acts of the Creator; but the *spirit* of the man is right in asserting the absolute character of his highest spiritual convictions against any array of ex-

ternal argument. Job is sustained in his assertion that though his body should be destroyed, yet a living Redeemer should vindicate his inward purity; he is sustained in reiterating, "God forbid that I should justify you till I die: I will not remove mine integrity from me; my righteousness will I hold fast, and will not let it go;" he is sustained in holding fast by the judgment of his spirit on his own actions, for that is a judgment with full knowledge: but he is condemned for judging God's outward conduct to him by any standard whatever; since in so doing he judges by "words without knowledge," seeing that the knowledge requisite for such judgment would be the omniscience of the Creator himself. The argument is illustrated with the fullest delineation of the mystery of nature;—and the broadest contrast between the narrow circle of spiritual knowledge and independence really reserved to man, and to man alone,—and the utter incompetence of man to wield a single attribute of providence either over his own world or that of the lower creation. How minute and full of naturalistic observation, and artistic admiration is the treatment of the order of nature, the following passage will adequately show:—

"Gavest thou wings and feathers to the ostrich? which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust; and forgetteth that the foot of man may crush them, or that the wild-beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers: her labor is in vain without fear; because God hath deprived her of wisdom, neither hath he imparted to her understanding. What time she lifteth herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider. Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage; neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting."

This deeper insight into the natural constitution and beauty of the universe, and complete disavowal of all power on the part of man to form any judgment upon it, is espe-

cially remarkable as compared with the bold justification of the spiritual participation of human nature in one of the attributes of God. It proves that the Hebrew poet had already distinguished between the direct knowledge of God's spirit which spiritual communion gives, and the indirect knowledge of his mysterious ways which can only be gained by a study of those ways. It shows that he had mastered the conviction, that to neglect the study of the natural mysteries of the universe leads to an arrogant and illicit intrusion of moral and spiritual assumptions into a different world, —in a word, to the false inferences of Job's friends as to his guilt, and his own equally false inference as to the injustice of God.

Here, then, we have the Hebrew imagination in a state of transition. It is still occupied, almost entirely, with the divine side of creation,—the holiness and omnipotence of God, and the feebleness of man; but already a sincere admiration for natural life and power and beauty, begins to be seen; and humanity asserts its own share in the life of the divine righteousness in clearer tones than in any of the older prophets. In short, that unique type of poetry, which is expressed and symbolized in the tradition of Jacob's dream, is beginning to disappear. In all the characteristic poetry of Israel man seems to lie enveloped in the darkness of earth; yet with a stream of supernatural radiance cast upon

him from that opening in the heavens above through which forms of light ascend and descend. For the rest, the heaven is dark with the clouds which veil Omnipotence, and the earth has no proper radiance of its own; while the grandeur of the effect is heightened by the Rembrandt-like contrast of light and shadow. In the later Isaiah, and the great poem of Job, this startling narrowness and intensity of effect is visibly on the decline. The clouds of Omnipotence begin to break; the intrinsic beauty of nature begins to be more closely associated with the spiritual lights of heaven, and humanity especially to have a distinct standing-point and radiance of its own. From this time the marvellously unique poetry of Israel ceases, and ceases never to be revived. But the supernaturalism which it discerned so vividly as brooding over the early world does not cease with it. It has transmuted forever the pure naturalism of Greek poetry. And now no modern poet can ever become really great who does not feel and reproduce in his writings the characteristic difference between that mild inner light which "lightens every man that cometh into the world," which grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength, and that which, descending suddenly from God upon the startled conscience, makes us exclaim: "How dreadful is this place! this is no other than the house of God; this is the gate of heaven."

It was stated some time ago in the public prints that a manuscript copy of the Gospels, which turned out to be the oldest in existence, had been found in a monastery of Mount Athos in Asia Minor. The monks of the convent presented it to the emperor of Russia as protector of the Greek Church; and now it is stated that the emperor has charged M. Tischendorff, of Leipsic, a great authority in sacred literature, to bring out an edition of it.

THE celebrated John Foster thus describes a bigot: "He sees religion, not as a sphere, but a line, and it is a line in which he is moving. He is like an African buffalo—sees right forward, but nothing on the right or left. He would not perceive a legion of angels or devils at the distance of ten yards on the one side or on the other."

DISTINCTIVELY to characterize in one word Dr. Vaughan's new work, "Revolutions in English History," we may call it a "physiological" history of England. Its purpose is to present an answer to the question, What is it that has made England to be England? To this end it deals with those details only which are special to England, putting aside such as belong to her history in common with that of Europe. By the word "revolutions" the author means the great phases of change in our history. Perhaps "evolutions" would better accord with this meaning. The first volume, all that has yet appeared, comes down from the earliest times to the reign of Henry the Seventh, and reviews the "revolutions of race" which constituted the leading phenomena of English history down to the close of the fourteenth century. —*Spectator*.

CHAPTER IV.

"The glittering grass, with dewstars bright,
Is all astir with twinkling light;
What pity that such fair array
In one brief hour should melt away."

REV. T. WHYTEHEAD.

"THIS is a stroke of good luck!" said Mr. Charteris. "We must not, on any account, remove the Sandbrook children from Miss Charlecote; she has no relations, and will certainly make the boy her heir."

"She will marry!" said his wife. "Some fashionable preacher will swallow her red hair. She is just at the age for it!"

"Less likely when she has the children to occupy her."

"Well, you'll have them thrown on your hands yet!"

"The chance is worth trying for though! I would not interfere with her on any account."

"Oh, no, nor I! but I pity the children."

"There, Master Owen, be a good boy and don't worry. Don't you see, I'm putting up your things to go home."

"Home!" the light glittered in Lucilla's eyes. "Is it Wrapworth, nurse?"

"Dear me, miss, not Wrapworth. That's given away, you know: but it's to Hiltonbury you are going—such a grand place, which, if Master Owen is only a dear, good boy will all belong to him one of these days."

"Will there be a pony to ride on?" asked Owen.

"Oh, yes—if you'll only let those stockings alone—there'll be ponies, and carriages, and horses, and every thing a gentleman can have, and all for my own dear little Master Owen!"

"I don't want to go to Hiltonbury," said Lucilla; "I want to go home to the river and the boat and see Mr. Prendergast and the black cow."

"I'll give you a black cow, Cilly," said Owen, strutting about. "Is Hiltonbury bigger than the Castle?"

"Oh! ever so big, Master Owen; such acres of wood, Mr. Jones says, and all your dear cousin's, and sure to be your own in time. What a great gentleman you will be, to be sure, dining thirty gentlefolks twice a week as they say poor Mr. Charlecote did, and driving four fine horses to your carriage like a gentleman. And then you won't forget poor nursesey-pursesey."

"Oh, no, nurse! I'll give you a ride in my carriage."

Honora in her listless state had let Mr. Saville think for her, and passively obeyed him when he sent her back to Sandbeach to wind up her affairs there; while he finished off the valuations and other painful business at the Holt, in which she could be of little use, since all she desired was to keep every thing as it was. She was anxious to return as soon as possible, so as to take up the reins before there had been time for the relaxation to be felt, the only chance she felt of her being able to fulfil his charge. The removal, the bustle, the talking things over with Miss Wells, and the sight of the children did much to restore her, and her old friend rejoiced to see that necessary occupation was tending to make her time pass more cheerfully than she perhaps knew.

As to the dear old city dwelling: it might have fetched an immense price, but only to become a warehouse, a measure that would have seemed to Honor little short of sacrilege. To let it in such a locality was impossible, so it must remain unavailable capital, and Honora decided on leaving her old house-keeper therein, with a respectable married niece, who would inhabit the lower regions and keep the other rooms in order, for an occasional stay in London. She would have been sorry to cut herself off from a fortnight of London in the spring, and the house might further be useful to friends who did not object to the situation; or could be lent now and then to a curate; and she could well afford to keep it up, so she thought herself justified in following her inclination, and went up for three mournful days of settling matters there, and packing books and ornaments till the rooms looked so dismantled that she could not think how to face them again.

It was the beginning of October, when she met Miss Wells, children, and luggage at the station, and fairly was on her way to her home. She tried to call it so, as a duty to Humfrey, but it gave her a pang every time, and in effect she felt far less at home than when he and Sarah had stood in the doorway to greet the arrivals. She had purposely fixed an hour when it was dark, so that she might receive no painful welcome; she wished no one to greet her she had rather they were mourn-

ing for their master. She had more than once shocked Miss Wells by declaring heir-esses to be a mistake, and yet, as she always owned, she could not have borne for any one else to have the Holt.

Fortunately for her, the children were sleepy, and were rather in a mazy state when lifted out and set on their legs in the wainscotted hall, and she sent them at once with nurse to the cheerful room that Humfrey's little visitors had saved from becoming disused. Miss Wells' fond vigilance was a little oppressive, but she gently freed herself from it, and opened the study door. She had begged that as little change as possible might be made; and there stood, as she had last seen them, the large leathern chair, the little table, the big Bible, and in it the little faded marker she had herself constructed for his twenty-first birthday, when her powers of making presents had not equalled her will. Yet what costly gift could have fulfilled its mission like that one? She opened the heavy book at the place. It was at the first lesson, for the last day of his life, the end of the prophet Hosea, and the first words her eyes fell upon were the glorious prophecy—"I will redeem them from death, I will ransom them from the power of the grave." Her heart beat high, and she stood half musing, half reading: "They that dwell under His shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine." How gentle and refreshing the cadence! A longing rose up in her to apply those latter words more closely by placing them on his tablet; she did not think they would shock his humility, a consideration which had withheld her from choosing other passages of which she always thought in connection with him. Another verse, and she read: "Ephraim shall say, What have I to do any more with idols?"

It brought back the postscript. Kind Humfrey must have seen strong cause before he gave any reproof, least of all to her, and she could take his word that the fault had been there. She felt certain of it when she thought of her early devotion to Owen Sandbrook, and the utter blank caused by his defection. Nay, she believed she had begun to idolize Humfrey himself, but now, at her age, chastened, desponding, with nothing before her save the lonely life of an heiress old maid, counting no tie of blood with any being,

what had she to engross her affections from the true Object? Alas! Honora's heart was not feeling that Object sufficient! Conscientious, earnest, truly loving goodness, and all connected with it; striving as a faithful, dutiful woman to walk rightly, still the personal love and trust were not yet come. Spent as they had been upon props of earth, when these were taken away the tendrils hung down drearily unemployed, not fastening on the true support.

Not that she did not kneel beside that little table, as in a shrine, and entreat earnestly for strength and judgment to do her duty faithfully in her new station, so that Humfrey's charge might be fulfilled, and his people might not suffer; and this done, and her homage paid to his empty throne, she was better able to satisfy her motherly friend by her deportment for the remainder of the evening, and to reply to the welcome of the weeping Mrs. Stubbs. By one of Humfrey's wise acts of foresight, his faithful servant, Reeves, had been provided for as the master of the Union, where it was certain he would carry the same milk of human kindness as had been so plentiful at Hiltonbury, and the Holt was thus left free for Honora's Mr. Jones, without fear of clashing, though he was divided between pride in his young lady's ownership of a "landed estate," and his own dislike to a country residence.

Honora did not sleep soundly. The place was too new, and yet too familiar, and the rattling of the windows, the roaring of the wind in the chimney, and the creaking of the vane, without absolutely waking her, kept her hearing alive, continually weaving the noises into some harassing dream that Humfrey's voice was calling to her, and hindrances always keeping her from him; and then of Lucilla and Owen in some imminent peril, whence she shrieked to him to save them, and then remembered he would stretch out his hand no more.

Sounder sleep came at last, towards morning, and far later than her usual hour she was wakened by small drummings upon her door, and the boy and girl dashed in, radiant with excitement at the novelty of the place. "Sweet Honey! Sweet Honey, dear, do get up and see! There's a rocking-horse at the end of the passage. And there's a real pony out in the field. "There are cows.

There's a goat and a little kid, and I want to play with it, and I may, for it is all mine and yours."

"All yours! Owen, boy," repeated Honora, sitting up in surprise.

"Nurse said it was all to be Owen's," said Lucilla.

"And she said I should be as grand a gentleman as poor Mr. Charlecote or Uncle Charteris," proceeded Owen, "and that I should go out hunting in a red coat, on a beautiful horse; but I want to have the kid now, please, Sweet Honey."

"Nurse does not know any thing about it," said Honora, much annoyed that such an idea should have been suggested, in such a manner. "I thought my little Owen wished for better things; I thought he was to be like his papa, and try to be a good shepherd, praising God and helping people to do right."

"But can't I wear a red coat too?" said Owen, wistfully.

No, my dear; clergymen don't go out hunting, or how could they teach the poor little children?"

"Then I won't be a clergyman."

This was an inconvenient and most undesirable turn, but Honora's first object must be to put the right of heirship out of the little head, and she at once began—"Nurse must have made a mistake, my dear; this place is your home, and will be always so, I hope, while it is mine, but it must not be your own, and you must not think it will. My little boy must work for himself and other people, and that's better than having houses and lands given to him."

Those words touched the pride in Lucilla's composition, and she exclaimed—"I'll work too!" but the self-consequence of proprietorship had affected her brother more strongly, and he repeated, meditatively, "Jones said not mine while she was alive. Jones was cross."

There might not be much in the words, child as he was, but there was something in his manner of eyeing her which gave her acute, unbearable pain—a look as if she stood in his way and crossed his importance. It was but a baby fit of temper, but she was in no frame to regard it calmly, and with an alteration of countenance that went to his heart, she exclaimed—"Can that be my little Owen, talking as if he wanted his Cousin Honor dead and out of the way? We had

better never have come here if you are to leave off loving me."

Quick to be infected by emotion, the child's arms were at once round her neck, and he was sobbing out that he loved his Sweet Honey better than any thing; nurse was naughty; Jones was naughty; he wouldn't hunt; he wouldn't wear a red coat, he would teach little children just like lambs; he would be like dear papa; any thing the poor little fellow could think of he poured out with kisses and entreaties to know if he were naughty still, while his sister, after her usual fashion on such occasions, began to race up and down the room with paroxysms, sometimes of stamping, sometimes of something like laughter.

Some minutes passed before Honora could compose herself, or soothe the boy, by her assurances that he was not to blame, only those who put things in his head that he could not understand, and it was not till after much tender fondling that she had calmed him enough for his morning devotions. No sooner were these over than he looked up, and said, while the tears still glazed his cheeks, "Sweet Honey, I'll tell nurse and Mr. Jones that I'm on pilgrimage to the Eastern Land, and I'll not turn into byways after red coats and little kids to vex you."

Whether Owen quite separated fact from allegory might have been doubtful to a more prosaic mind than Honora's, but he had brought this dreamy strain with him from his father, and she thought it one of his great charms. She had been obliged to leave him to himself much more than usual of late, and she fervently resolved to devote herself with double energy to watching over him, and eradicating any weeds that might have been sown during her temporary inattention. He clung so fast to her hand, and was so much delighted to have her with him again, so often repeating that she must not go away again, that the genuineness of his affection could not be doubted, and probably he would only retain an impression of having been led to say something very shocking, and the alarm to his sensitive conscience would hinder him from ever even trying to remember what it was.

She spoke, however, to nurse, telling her that the subject must never be mentioned to the children, since it was by no means desirable for them, and besides she had no intention of the kind. She wished it to be dis-

tinely understood that Master Owen was not to be looked upon as her heir.

"Very true, ma'am, it is too soon to be talking of such things yet, and I must say, I was as sorry as possible to find that the child had had it named to him. People will talk, you see, Miss Charlecote, though I am sure, so young a lady as you are—"

"That has nothing to do with it," said Honora; "I consider nothing so bad for a child as to be brought up to expectations to which he has no right, when he is sure to have to provide for himself. I beg that if you hear the subject entered on again in the children's presence, you will put a stop to it."

"Certainly, ma'am; their poor dear papa never would have wished them to be occupied with earthly things of that sort. As I often said, there never was such an unworldly gentleman; he never would have known if there were a sixpence in the house, nor a joint in the larder if there had not been cook and me to care for him. I often said to cook—'Well for him that he has honest people about him.'"

Honora likewise spoke to Jones, her private retainer. He smiled scorn of the accusation, and answered her as the child he had known in frocks. "Yes, ma'am; I did tell the young gentleman to hold his tongue, for it never would be his in your lifetime, not after, in my judgment."

"Why, certainly, it does seem early days to speak of such a matter," said Honora, sadly.

"It is unaccountable what people will not put in children's heads," said Jones, sagely; "not but what he is a nice quiet young gentleman, and gives very little trouble, but they might let that alone. Miss Honora, when will it be convenient to you to take my account of the plate?"

She felt pretty well convinced that Jones had only resented the whole on her account, and that it was not he who had put the notion into the boy's head. As to nurse, she was far from equally clear. Doubts of nurse's sincerity had long been growing upon her, and she was in the uncomfortable position of being able to bear neither to think of the children's intercourse with any one tainted with falsehood, nor to dismiss a person trusted implicitly by their father. She could only decide that the first detected act of untruth should be the turning-point.

Meantime, painful as was many an associa-

tion, Honor did not find her position so dreary or so oppressive as she had anticipated. She had a great deal to do, and the tracks had been duly made out for her by her cousin. Mr. Saville or Mr. Henderson were always ready to help her in great matters, and Brooks was an excellent dictatorial deputy in small ones. Her real love for country life, for live animals, and, above all, the power of doing good, all found scope. Humfrey's charge gave her a sense of a fulfilled duty; and mournful and broken-spirited as she believed herself, if Humfrey could have looked at her as she scrupulously made entries in his books, as she rode out with the children to try to look knowing at the crops, or sat by the fire in the evening with his dogs at her feet, telling stories to the children, he would not have feared too much for his Honor. Living or dead, the love of Humfrey could hardly help being a spring of peace and happiness; and the consciousness of it had been too brief, and the tie never close enough to lead to a state of crushed spirits. The many little tender observances that she paid to him were a source of mournful sweetness rather than of heart-rending.

It was a quietly but fully occupied life, with a certain severity towards her own comforts, and liberality towards those of other people, which had always been a part of her character, ever since Owen Sandbrook had read sermons with her on self-denial. If Miss Wells had a fire in her bedroom forced upon her, Miss Charlecote had none, and hurried down in the bleak winter morning in shawl and gloves to Humfrey's great Bible, and then to his account-books and her business letters. She was fresh with cold when she met the children for their early reading. And then—but it was not soon that she learnt to bear that, though she had gone through the like before, she had to read the household devotions, where every petition seemed to be lacking the manly tone to give it fulness and force.

Breakfast—the silver kettle to make it homelike, the children chattering, Miss Wells smiling, letters coming in to perplex or to clear up perplexities, amuse or cheer. The children turned out for an hour's hoop driving on the gravel drive, horse-chesnut picking, or whatever might not be mischief. Honora conferring with Stubbs or with Brooks and receiving her orders for the day,

then letter writing, then lessons in general, a real enjoyment, unless Lucilla happened to have picked up a fit of perverseness—some reading to them or rationalizing of play—the early dinner—the subsequent expedition with them, either walking or riding—for Brooks had soon found ponies for them, and they were gallant little riders, while Honor would not give up the old pony, long since trained for her by Humfrey, though, may be, that was her most undutiful proceeding toward him, as he would certainly have told her that the creature was shaky on the legs. So at last it tumbled down with her, but without any damage, save a hole in her skirt, and a dreadful crying fit of little Owen, who was frightened out of his wits. She owned that it must be degraded to light cart work, and mounted an animal which Hiltonbury agreed to be more worthy of her. Coming in, the children played; she either did her business or found leisure for reading; then came tea time, then the reading of a story-book for the children, and when they were disposed of, of something mildly moral and instructive to suit Miss Wells' taste.

The neighborhood all mourned Mr. Charlecote as a personal loss, and could hardly help regarding any successor as their enemy. Miss Charlecote had been known just enough in her girlish days not to make her popular in a commonplace neighborhood; the ladies had criticised her hair and her genius, and the gentlemen had been puzzled by her searching questions into their county antiquities, and obliged to own themselves unaware of a Roman milestone propping their bailiffs' pig-sty, or of the spur of a champion of one of the Roses being hung over their family pew. But when Mr. Henderson reported pleasantly of her, and when once or twice she had been seen cantering down the lanes, or shopping in Edlington, and had exchanged a bow with a familiar face, the gentlemen took to declaring that the heiress was an uncommonly fine woman, after all, and the ladies became possessed with the perception that it was high time to call upon Miss Charlecote—what could she be doing with those two children?

So there were calls, which Honor duly returned, and then came invitations, but, to Miss Wells' great annoyance, Honor decided against these. It was not self-denial, but she thought it suitable. She did not love the

round of country gayeties, and in her position she did not think them a duty. Retirement seemed to befit a widowhood for Humfrey, which she felt so entirely that when Miss Wells once drove her into disclaiming all possibility of marrying, she called it "marrying again." When Miss Wells urged the inexpedience of absolute seclusion, she said she would continue to make morning calls, and she hoped in time to have friends of her own to stay with her; she might ask some of the quiet, clerical families (the real *élite*, be it observed) to spend a day or drink tea, but the dinner and ball life was too utterly incongruous for an elderly heiress. When it came to the elderly heiress poor Miss Wells was always shut up in utter despair—she, who thought her bright-locked darling only grew handsomer each day of her pride of womanhood.

The brass which Honora had chosen for her cousin's memorial was slow in being executed, and summer days had come in before it was sent to Hiltonbury. She walked down, a good deal agitated, to ascertain whether it were being rightly managed, but, to her great annoyance, found that the church having been left open, so many idle people were standing about that she could not bear to mingle with them. Had it been only the Holt vassalage, either feeling would have been one, or they would have made way for her, but there were some pert nursery maids gaping about with the children from Beauchamp, whence the heads of the family had been absent all the winter and spring, leaving various nurses and governesses in charge. Honora could not encounter their eyes, and went to the vicarage to send Mr. Henderson, but he was absent, and then walked over sundry fields in a vain search for Brooks. Rain came on so violently as to wet her considerably, and, to her exceeding mortification, she was obliged to relinquish her superintendence, either personal or by deputy.

However, when she awoke early and saw the sun laughing through the shining drops, she decided on going down ere the curious world was astir, to see what had been done. It was not far from six, when she let herself out at the porch, and very like a morning with Humfrey, with the tremulous glistening of every spray, and the steamy fragrance rising wherever the sun touched the grass, that seemed almost to grow visibly. The woods

were ringing with the songs of birds, circle beyond circle, and there was something in the exuberant merriment of those blackbirds and thrushes that would not let her be sad, though they had been Humfrey's special glory. The thought of such pleasures did not seem out of keeping. The lane was overhung with bushes; the banks, a whole wealth of ferns, climbing plants, tall grasses and nettles, had not yet felt the sun and was dank and dreary, so she hurried up it, and arriving at the clerk's door, knocked and opened. He was gone to his work, and sounds above showed the wife to be engaged on the toilette of the younger branches. She called out that she had come for the keys of the church, and seeing them on the dresser abstracted them, bidding the good woman give herself no trouble.

She paused under the porch, and ere fitting the heavy key to the lock, felt that strange pressure and emotion of the heart that even if it be sorrow is also an exquisite sensation. If it were mournful that the one last office she could render to Humfrey was over, it was precious to her to be the only one who had a right to pay it, the one whom he had loved best upon earth, round whom she liked to believe that he still might be often hovering—whom he might welcome by and by. Here was the place for communion with him, the spot which had, indeed, been to him none other than the gate of heaven.

Yet, will it be believed, not one look did Honora cast at Humfrey Charlecote's monument that morning?

With both hands she turned the reluctant bolts of the lock, and pushed open the nail-studded door. She slowly advanced along the uneven floor of the aisle, and had just reached the chancel arch, when something suddenly stirred, making her start violently. It was still, and after a pause she again advanced, but her heart gave a sudden throb, and a strange chill of awe rushed over her as she beheld a little white face over the altar rail, the chin resting on a pair of folded hands. The dark eyes fixed in a strange, dreamy, spiritual expression of awe.

The shock was but for a moment, the next the blood rallied to her heart, and she told herself that Humfrey would say, it was either the state of her spirits, producing an illusion, or else some child left here by accident. She advanced, but as she did so the two hands

were stretched out and locked together as in agony, and the childish, feeble voice cried out, "Oh! if you're an angel, please don't frighten me; I'll be very good."

Honora was in a pale, soft, gray dress, that caught the light in a rosy glow from the east window, and her golden hair was hanging in radiant masses beneath her straw bonnet, but she could not appreciate the angelic impression she made on the child, who had been tried so long by such a captivity. "My poor child," she said, "I am no angel, I am only Miss Charlecote. I'm afraid you have been shut up here," and, coming nearer, she perceived that it was a boy of about seven years old, well dressed, though his garments were disordered. He stood up as she came near, but he was trembling all over, and as she drew him into her bosom, and put her arms round him, she found him quivering with icy cold.

"Poor little fellow," she said, rocking him, as she sat on the step and folded her shawl round him, "and have you been here all night? How cold you are; I must take you home, my dear. What is your name?"

"I'm Robert Mervyn Fulmort," said the little boy clinging to her. "We came in to see Mr. Charlecote's monument put up, and I suppose they forgot me. I waked up and everybody was gone, and the door was locked. Oh! please," he gasped, "take me out. I don't want to cry."

She thought it best to take him at once into the cheerful sunlight, but there was not yet the warmth in it that he needed, and all her soothing words could not check the nervous tremor, though he held her so tight that it seemed as if he would never let her go.

"You shall come home with me, my dear little boy, you shall have some breakfast, and then I will take you safe home to the Grange."

"Oh, if you please!" said the boy, gratefully.

Exercise was thawing his numbed limbs, and his eyes brightened.

"Who were you with?" she asked. "Who could have forgotten you?"

"I came with Lieschen and nurse and Phæbe and baby. The others went out with mademoiselle."

"And you went to sleep?"

"Yes; I liked to see the mason go chip, chip, and I wanted to see them fit the thing

in. I got into that great pew, to see better, and I made myself a nest, but at last they were all gone."

"And what did you do then? Were you afraid?"

"I didn't know what to do. I ran all about to see if I could look out at a window, but I couldn't."

"Did you try to call?"

"Wouldn't it have been naughty?" said the boy, and then, with an impulse of honest truthfulness, "I did try once, but do you know, there was another voice come back again, and I thought that *die Geistern wachen sie auf*."

"The what?"

"*Die Geistern das Lieschen sagt in die Gewolben wohnen*," said little Robert, evidently quite unconscious whether he spoke German or English.

"So you could not call for the echo. Well, did you not think of the bells?"

"Yes, but, oh! the door was shut; and then, I'll tell you, but don't tell Mervyn—I did cry."

"Indeed, I don't wonder! It must have been very lonely."

"I didn't like it," said Robert, shivering; and getting to his German again, he described "*das Gewitter*," beating on the panes, with wind and whirling leaves, and the unearthly noises of the creaking vane. The eeriness of the lonely, supperless child was dreadful to think of, and she begged to know what he could have done as it grew dark.

"I got to Mr. Charlecote," said Robert, an answer that thrilled her all over. "I said I'd be always very good, if he would take care of me, and not let them frighten me. And so I did go to sleep."

"I'm sure Mr. Charlecote would, my dear little man," began Honora, then checked by remembering what he would have said. "But didn't you think of one more sure to take care of you than Mr. Charlecote?"

"Leischen talks of *der Lieber Gott*," said the little boy. "We said our prayers in the nursery, but Mervyn says only babies do."

"Mervyn is terribly wrong then," said Honora, shuddering. "O Robert! Mr. Charlecote never got up nor went to bed without asking the good God to take care of him, and make him good."

"Was that why he was so good?" asked Robert.

"Indeed it was," said she, fervently, "nobody can be good without it. I hope my little friend will never miss his prayers again, for they are the only way to be manly and afraid of nothing but doing wrong, as he was."

"I won't miss them," said Robert, eagerly; then with a sudden puzzled look—"Did he send you?"

"Who?"

"Mr. Charlecote."

"Why—how should—What made you think so?"

"I—why, once in the night I woke up, and oh, it was so dark, and there were such noises, such rattling and roarings, and then it came all white—white light—all the window bars and all so plain upon the wall; and then came—bending, bending over—a great gray darkness. Oh, so horrible! and went away, and came back."

"The shadow of the trees, awaying in the moonlight."

"Was it? I thought it was the *Nebel* *Wittwen neckten mir* and then the *Erl konung, tochter—weissen sie*—and oh, I did scream once, and then somehow it grew quietly darker, and I thought Mr. Charlecote had me folded up so warm on his horse's back, and that we rode ever so far, and they stretched out their long, white arms and could not get me, but somehow he set me down on a cold stone, and said, 'Wait here, Robin, and I'll send her to lead you.' And then came a creaking and there were you."

"Well, little Robin, he did not quite send me, but it was to see his tablet that I came down this morning; so he brought me after all. He was my very dear Cousin Humfrey, and I like you for having been his little friend. Will you be mine too, and let me help you if I can, and if your papa and mamma give leave, come and see me, and play with the little girl and boy who live with me?"

"Oh, yes!" said Robert; "I like you."

The alliance was sealed with a hearty kiss.

"But," said Robert, "you must ask mademoiselle; papa and mamma are out in Italy."

"And how was it no one ever missed you?"

Robert was far less surprised at this than she was, for, like all children, to be left behind appeared to him a contingency rather probable than otherwise.

He was a fine-looking boy, with dark gray, thoughtful eyes, and a pleasant countenance, but his nerves had been so much shaken that

he started and seemed ready to catch hold of her at every sound.

"What's that?" he cried, as a trampling came along the alley as they entered the garden.

"Only my two little cousins," said Honora, smiling. "I hope you will be good friends, though perhaps Owen is too young a playfellow. Here, Lucy, Owen, here is a little friend for you—Robert Fulmort."

The children came eagerly up, and Lucilla taking her hand, raised her face to kiss the stranger, but Robert did not approve of the proceeding, and held up his head; Lucilla rose on tip-toe, Robin did the same, as he had the advantage of a whole year's height, he fully succeeded in keeping out of her reach, and very comical was the effect. She gave it up at last, and contented herself with asking, "And where do you come from?"

"Out of the church," was Robin's reply.

"Then you are very good and holy indeed," said Owen, looking at him earnestly, with clasped hands.

"No!" said Robert, gruffly.

"Poor little man, he was left behind, and shut up in the church all night, without any supper," said Honora.

"Shut up in the church like Goody Two-Shoes!" cried Lucilla, dancing about. "Oh, what fun!"

"Did the angels come and sing to you?" asked Owen.

"Don't ask such stupid questions," cried his sister. "Oh, I know what I'd have done! Didn't you get up into the pulpit?"

"No!"

"And I do so want to know if the lady and gentleman on the monument have their ruffs the same on the inside, towards the wall, as outside; and, oh—I do so want to get all the dust out of the folds of the lady's ruff—I wish they'd lock me into the church, and I'd soon get out when I was tired."

Lucilla and Owen decidedly thought Robin had not profited by his opportunities, but he figured better in an examination on his brothers and sisters. There were six, of whom he was the fourth. Augusta, Juliana, and Mervyn, being his elders, Julia and Phæbe his juniors. The three seniors were under the rule of mademoiselle, the little ones under that of nurse and Lieschen, and Robert stood on neutral ground, doing lessons with mademoiselle, whom, he said, in unpicked language

which astounded little Owen, "he morally hated," and at the same time free of the nursery, where, it appeared, that "Phæbe was the jolliest little fellow in the world," and Lieschen was the only "good-natured body going," and knew no end of *Mährchen*. The boy spoke a very curious mixture of Lieschen's German, and of English pervaded by stable slang, and was altogether a curious study of the effects of absentee parents; nevertheless, Honora and Lucilla both took a considerable fancy to him, the latter patronizing him to such a degree that she hardly allowed him to eat the much-needed breakfast which recalled color to his cheek, and substance to his voice.

After much thought, Owen delivered himself of the sentiment that "People's papas and mammas were very funny," doubtless philosophizing on the inconsistency of the class in being, some so willing, some so reluctant, to leave their children behind them. Honor fully agreed with him, but did not think the discussion profitable for Robin, whom she now proposed to take home in the pony carriage. Lucilla, always eager for novelty, and ardent for her new friendship, begged to accompany her; Owen was afraid of the strangers, and preferred Miss Wells.

Even as they set out, they found that Robert's disappearance had created some sensation, for the clerk's wife was hurrying up to ask if Miss Charlecote had the keys, that she might satisfy the man from Beauchamp that Master Fulmort was not in the church. At the lodge the woman threw up her hands with joy at the sight of the little boy, and some way off, on the sward, stood a bigger lad, who, with a loud hurrah, scoured away towards the house as the carriage appeared.

"That's Mervyn," said Robert, he is gone to tell them."

Beauchamp was many degrees grander since Honor had visited it last. The approach was entirely new; two fresh wings had been added, and the front was all over scaffolds and cement, in all stages of color, from rich brown to permanent white. Robert explained that nothing was so nice as to watch the workmen, and showed Lucilla a plasterer on the topmost stage of the scaffolding, who he said was the nicest man he knew, and could sing all manner of songs.

Rather nervously Honora drove under the poles to the hall-door, where various girls were seen in the rear of a French woman, and

Honor felt as if Robin might have grounds for his "moral hatred" when her voluble transports of gratitude and affection broke forth, and the desolation in which the loss had left them was described. Robert edged back from her at once, and flew to another party at the bottom of the stairs, a very stout nurse, and an uncapped, flaxen-haired mädchen, who clasped him in her arms, and cried, and sobbed over him. As soon as he could release himself, he caught hold of a fat little bundle, which had been coaxing one of his legs all through Lieschen's embrace, and dragging it forwards, cried, "Here she is; here's Phœbe!" Phœbe, however, was shy, and cried and fought her way back to hide her face in Lieschen's apron, and meantime a very odd scene took place. Schoolroom and nursery were evidently at most direful war, each wanted to justify itself lest the lady should write to the parents, each tried to be too grand to seem to care, and threw all the blame on the other. On the whole, Honor gathered that mademoiselle believed the boy *enfantin* enough to be in the nursery, the nurses that he was in the schoolroom, and he had not been really missed till bedtime, when each party recriminated instead of seeking him, and neither would allow itself to be responsible for him. Lieschen, who alone had her suspicions where he might be, abstained from naming them in sheer terror of *Kobolden*, *Geistern*, corpse-candles, and what not, and had lain conjuring up his miseries till morning. Honora did not much care how they settled it amongst them, but tried to make friends with the young people, who seemed to take their brother's restoration rather coolly, and to be chiefly occupied by staring at Lucilla. Augusta and Juliana were self-possessed, and rather *maniérées*, acquitting themselves evidently to the satisfaction of the French governess, and Honor perceiving her to be a necessary infliction, invited her and her pupils, especially Robin, to spend a day in the next week at the Holt.

The proposal was graciously accepted, and Lucilla spent the intervening time in a tumult of excitement.

Nor was the day so very unsuccessful; mademoiselle behaved herself with French tact, and Miss Wells took her off Honora's hands a good deal, leaving them free for the children. Lucilla, always aspiring, set up a grand whispering friendship with the two

girls, and set her little cap strongly at Mer-vyn, but that young gentleman was contemptuous and bored when he found no entertainment in Miss Charlecote's stud, and was only to be kept placable by the bagatelle-board and the strawberry-bed. Robert followed his lead more than was satisfactory, but with visible predilections for the Holt ladies, old and young. Honor talked to him about little Phœbe, and he lighted up, and began to detail her accomplishments, and to be very communicative about his home vexations and pleasures, and finally, when the children were wishing good-night, he bluntly said, "It would be better fun to bring Lieschen and Phœbe."

Honor thought so too, and proposed giving the invitation.

"Don't," said Robert, "she'd be cross; I'll bring them."

And so he did. Two days after, the broad German face and the flaxen head appeared, leading that fat ball, Phœbe, and Robin frisking in triumph beside her. Henceforth, a great friendship arose between the children. Phœbe soon lost all dread of those who petted her, and favored them with broad smiles and an incomprehensible patois. Owen made very much of her, and pursued and imitated Robert with the devotion of a small boy to a larger one. Lucilla devoted herself to him for want of better game, and moreover he plainly told her that she was the prettiest little girl he ever saw, and laid all manner of remarkable treasures at her feet. Miss Charlecote believed that he made some curious confidences to her for once Owen said, "I want to know why Robin hasn't a Sweet Honey to make him good."

"Robin has a papa and mamma, and a governess."

"Robin was telling Lucy he wanted some one to teach him to be good, and she said she would, but she is not old enough."

"Any one who is good is teaching others, my Owen," said Honor. "We will ask in our prayers that poor little Robin may be helped."

When Mr. and Mrs. Fulmort came home, there was an interchange of calls, many thanks for her kindness to the children, and sanction of future intercourse. Mr. Fulmort was a great distiller, who had married a country heiress, and endeavored to take his place among the country squires, whom he

far exceeded in display; and his wife, a meek, sickly person, lived a life of slavery to the supposed exigencies of fashion. She had always had, in her maiden days, a species of awe of the Charlecotes' London cousin, and was now disposed to be rather gratified by her notice of her children: Mervyn had been disposed of at a tutor's and Robert was adrift for many hours of the day. As soon as he had discovered the possibility of getting to the Holt alone, he was frequently there, following Honora about in her gardening and farming, as much at home as the little Sandbrooks, sharing in their plays, and often listening to the little books that she read aloud to them. He was very far from being such a little angelic mortal as Owen, with whom indeed his sympathies were few. Once some words were caught from him by both children, which startled Honor exceedingly, and obliged her to tell him that if ever she found him to have repeated the like, she should forbid his coming near them. He looked excessively sullen, and did not come for a week, during which Lucilla was intolerably naughty, and was twice severely punished for using the identical expressions in defiance.

Then he came again, and behaved as if nothing had happened, but the offence never recurred. Some time after, when he boasted of having come away with a lesson unlearned, in flat disobedience to mademoiselle, Honor sent him straight home, though Lucilla stamped and danced at her in a frenzy. Another time, Owen rushed up to her in great agony, at some torture that Robin was inflicting upon a live mouse. Upon this, Honor, full of the spirit of indignation, fairly struck the offender sharply on the fingers with her riding-whip. He scowled at her, but it was only for a moment. She held him tightly by the hand while she sent the gardener to put his victim out of its misery, and then she talked to him, not sentimentally, her feelings were too strongly stirred, but with all her horror of cruelty. He muttered that Mervyn and the grooms always did it; but he did not hold out long—Lucilla was holding aloof, too much horrified to come near—and finally he burst into tears, and owned that he had never thought!

Every now and then, such outbreaks made Honor wonder why she let him come, perhaps to tempt her children; but she remembered that he and Humfrey had been fond of

one another, and she felt drawn towards him, though in all prudence she resolved to lessen the attractions of the Holt by being very strict with all, and rather ungracious to him. Yet, strange to say, the more regulations she made, and the more she flashed out at his faults, the more constant was her visitor, the Robin who seemed to thrive upon the veriest crumbs of good-nature.

Positively, Honora was sometimes amazed, to find what a dragon she could be upon occasion. Since she had been brought into subordination at six or eight years old, she had never had occasion to find out that she had a spirit of her own, till she found herself astonishing Jones and Brooks for taking the liberty of having a deadly feud; making Brooks understand that cows were not to be sold, nor promises made to tenants, without reference to her; or showing a determined marauder that Humfrey's wood was not to be preyed upon any more than in his own time. They were very feminine explosions to be sure, but they had their effect, and Miss Charlecote's was a real government.

The uproar with nurse came at last, through a chance discovery that she had taken Owen to a certain forbidden house of gossip, where he had been bribed to secrecy with bread and treacle.

Honora wrote to Mrs. Charteris for permission to dismiss the mischievous woman, and obtained full consent, and the most complete expression of confidence and gratitude. So there ensued a month when every visit to the nursery seemed to be spent in tears. Nurse was really very fond of the children and cried over them incessantly, only consoling herself by auguring a brilliant future for them, when Master Owen should reign over Hiltonbury, like the gentleman he was.

"But, nurse, Cousin Honor says I never shall—I'm to be a clergyman like papa. She says—"

Nurse winked knowingly at the housemaid. "Yes, yes, my darling, no one likes to hear who is to come after them. Don't you say nothing about it; it aint becoming, but, by and by, see if it don't come so, and if my boy aint master here."

"I wish I was, and then nurse would never go."

However, nurse did go, and after some tears Owen was consoled by promotion to the habits of an older boy.

Lucilla was very angry, and revenged herself by every variety of opposition in her power, all of which were put down by the strong hand. It was a matter of necessity to keep a tight grasp on this little wilful sprite, the most fiery morsel of engaging caprice and naughtiness that a quiet spinster could well have lit upon. It really sometimes seemed to Honora as if there were scarcely a fault in the range of possibilities that she had not committed; and indeed, a bit of good advice generally seemed to act by contraries, and serve to suggest mischief. Softness and warmth of feeling seemed to have been lost with her father; she did not show any particular affection towards her brother or Honora. Perhaps she liked Miss Wells, but that might be only opposition; nay, Honor would have been almost thankful if she had melted at the departure of the undesirable nurse, but she appeared only hard and cross. If she liked any one, it was Robert Fulmort, but that was too much in the way of flirtation.

Vanity was an extremely traceable spring of action. When nurse went, Miss Lucilla gave the household no peace, because no one could rightly curl the long flaxen tresses upon her shoulders, until the worry became so intolerable that Honora, partly as penance, partly because she thought the mode highly conducive to tidiness and comfort, took her scissors and trimmed all the ringlets behind,

bowl dish fashion, as her own carrots had figured all the days of her childhood.

Lucilla was held by Mrs. Stubbs during the operation. She did not cry nor scream after she felt herself conquered by main strength but her blue eyes gleamed with a strange, wild light; she would not speak to Miss Charlecote all the rest of the day, and Honora doubted whether she were ever forgiven.

Another offence was the cutting down her name into Lucy. Honor had avoided Cilly from the first; Silly Sandbrook would be too dreadful a *sobriquet* to be allowed to attach to any one, but Lucilla resented the change more deeply than she showed. Lucy was a housemaid's name, she said, and Honor reproved her for vanity, and called her so all the more. She did not love Miss Charlecote well enough to say that Cilly had been her father's name for her, and that he had loved to wind the flaxen curls round his fingers.

Every new study, every new injunction cost a warfare, disobedience, and passionate defiance and resistance on the one hand, and steady, good-tempered firmness on the other, gradually growing a little stern. The waves became weary of beating on the rock at last. The fiery child was growing into a girl, and the calm will had the mastery of her; she succumbed insensibly; and owing all her pleasures to Cousin Honor, she grew to depend upon her, and mind, manners, and opinions were taking their mould from her.

CHANGES IN ENGLISH SOCIAL LIFE.—In the feudal days of Arthur, and the Richards, and some of the Henries, when the barons had nothing to fear from the peasantry, the English were a well-fed, jovial, happy people, feasting in the halls of their feudal lords, and accompanying them as well in the chase as in the field. They were then masters in all athletic exercises. Their May-day, harvest-home, and Christmas festivities, were patterns of rustic simplicity and abundant cheer. But their continual encroachments on the privileges of the higher classes, as they gained better and better ideas of their rights, have, by degrees, wrought an entire change in the social condition of the people. For every political right that they have wrung from the nobles and gentry, the latter have cut off a social privilege, till now, hardly a vestige of the old holiday amusements exists. Time was when the nobility and gentry of England presided at the field sports and holiday festivals of the people, and, on Christmas mornings, feasted their neighbors and tenantry at their

own halls. "The old hall-doors of castles and manor-houses were then thrown open, and resounded with the harp, and the carol, and their boards groined with the weight of hospitality." The poets and writers of England have always dwelt with delight upon the numerous games and diversions of their holidays. Their Robin Hood and Maid Marion, and their May queens, are immortalized in song and story. But it is almost alone in song and story that they now live. The gentry of the country no longer feast their neighbors and tenantry on such occasions, as of old; nor do they now preside at their festivities or mingle with them in their sports. The cheerful festivities of the people, and their hardy field exercises, that were once encouraged, are now no longer promoted by the privileged classes. The roast beef and plum pudding of old England, her May-day and other festivals, and her *sobriquet* of "merrie England" have become matter of history and song to the great body of her people, rather than of actual experience.—*F. W. Sawyer's "Plea for Amusements."*

From The Athenæum.

Original Papers illustrating the History of the Application of the Roman Alphabet to the Languages of India. Edited by Monier Williams, M. A. Longman & Co. *One Alphabet for all India.* By the Rev. G. U. Pope. Madras, Gantz Brothers. *Bâg-o-Bahâr. The Hindústânî Text of Mir Amman.* By Monier Williams, M.A. Longman & Co.

WE have classed together these publications because they are the offspring of one and the same idea,—an idea which is making great progress, and exerting a powerful influence in India. On the 20th of November, 1833, Mr. Thompson, a missionary at Delhi, published an English and Urdû Dictionary, the Urdû words written in the Roman character. A matter apparently so trifling as the publication of this book would hardly, it might be imagined, stamp an epoch. Indeed, the best Oriental scholars of the day, James Prinsep and J. Tytler, to whom the Rev. W. Yates, Secretary of the Calcutta Book Society, recommended the Dictionary, condemned it in most unqualified language. Mr. Prinsep trusted "that none of the colleges had it in contemplation to teach Arabic, Persian or Hindû words in Roman characters." Mr. Tytler declared that his reputation would be compromised by endorsing the system. Of the book itself he said, "It is a mere naked vocabulary, destitute of every principle of scientific philology, in which the words are thrown together in a heap, and full of mistranslations and misapprehensions. A hundred instances might be picked out in a few minutes. In this state it can only serve to puzzle beginners, and will certainly be thrown aside by those who have made the least advance. I think, on the whole, that the encouragement of such works is a mere waste of funds, and, therefore, vote against it."

Here, it might have been thought, would have ended the affair, Mr. Thompson and his Dictionary passing into oblivion. But there stood beside that gentleman a hitherto unseen ally, who, like one of the deities of Olympus in the *dispos* of a Homeric combatant, was to do the real fighting. Mr. Prinsep's minute on the Dictionary occupies ten lines, and Mr. Tytler's is nearly as short, and those magnates of the Indian literary world doubtless laid down the pen with a serene certainty that nothing more could be said. This blissful notion was soon dispelled. The third page of

the "Original Papers" brings us to a minute by Mr., now Sir C. Trevelyan, of *thirty pages!* In this vigorous and able paper the whole subject of substituting the Roman character for the illegible, difficult, and, to coin a word for the occasion, literose alphabets of India, is searchingly examined. The reasoning in this minute is so complete that by a brief statement of the arguments employed in it, the question will be sufficiently exhibited to the general reader.

Mr. Trevelyan first disposes of the objection, that owing to the strangeness of the Roman character to the natives of India it can never be extensively used. This assertion is met by the fact, that the Latin letters have spread from Latium over a vast portion of the civilized world,—that the eyes of the present generation are witness to the extinction of the old German text by the Roman character—that similarly that character may be expected to supersede letters still more uncouth than the German and this more particularly as the Roman would not be the first foreign character that has dislodged the Nâgarî and other Indian alphabets. The advantages of adopting the Roman letters are then pointed out. First of these is distinctness, the vowels being actually written, instead of being altogether omitted, or of being denoted by mere points liable to continual misplacement. The great experience, too, in printing the Roman letters, has led to their gradual improvement, until nothing can be more convenient for typography, whereas, the circumstance that part of every third letter, or so, in the Indian character is written above or below the line, renders Oriental printing immensely difficult and inconvenient. Secondly, it is of vast importance in laying the foundation of a national literature, "to select a character which will cause as small an expenditure as possible of the time and money of the nation. Now the printing of Persian or Nâgarî books in the native character requires a third more time than the same books in Roman letters, and twice the outlay." "Next," says Mr. Trevelyan, "the intellect of India is oppressed by the multitude of letters; and it is shocking to think how much human time, which might be directed to the best purposes, is wasted in gaining a knowledge of the many barbarous characters with which the country abounds. The student of Hindústânî now has to learn both the Nâgarî and Persian alphabets, and if

he would commence English he must learn the Roman also." This last consideration admits of being viewed in more than one light, and, under every aspect, shows that the adoption of the English characters to express Oriental words must smooth the way for the transfusion of English and European literature into that of India.

To this paper both Mr. Tytler and Mr. Prinsep replied; but it is unnecessary to follow their arguments, which were all based on a misconception of the views of their opponents. We say opponents, for helpers "many and strong" soon ran to the aid of Mr. Trevelyan, who, however, required little assistance in a cause so good and with such keen weapons of his own. Among the supporters of the new scheme the most powerful and conspicuous was Dr. Duff, who thus exposes the radical fallacy of the Tytler disputants in asserting, that the Romanist wished "to introduce the absurd anomalies of English orthography into the east :—

"Now this supposition is a most barefaced assumption. It cannot be conceded, because it is not true. We do not wish to see the anomalies of English orthography incorporated with the languages of the east. Neither do we wish to see superfluous Roman characters employed. If, in the east, one alphabetic letter uniformly represents one elementary sound, let the Roman letter substituted in its place be invariably appropriated to the expression of that sound. This is what we propose; and, in this way, I should like to know where a corner can be found for a single anomaly; or how the greatest possible clearness, precision, and regularity may not be attained. In this view of the case, the potent arguments of our learned Orientalist must fall with deadly effect on their own false premises."

The discussion planted a germ of progress, which was destined to spring up into a tall tree, that now seems likely to overshadow India. The whole body of missionaries declared themselves, one after another, on the Trevelyan side. A library of Urdú-Roman school-books was formed, the Bible was printed in the Indian languages but Roman characters, and, by the year 1857, matter to the extent of twelve thousand duodecimo pages had been transferred to that form. Meanwhile, the time had arrived when Sir C. Trevelyan, having added to his reputation as an administrator in this country, was about again to appear on the Indian stage. He had not in the least

forgotten his long-cherished idea, which he had combated for so stoutly, in the Tytler controversy. Several able letters from his pen now appeared in the *Times*, under the signature of "Indophilus," and were responded to, on the 16th of January, 1858, by a letter from the Rev. C. Mather, in which the whole history of the progress of the Urdú-Roman system, up to that date, is narrated. Thus the battle of the alphabets was rekindled with new fury. Felicitously for the Trevelyan side of the controversy, the antagonists who pricked into the field were knights of only just so much prowess as to give an interest to their overthrow. Opposed to Prof. Williams Mr. Jarrett fell, and his arms rattled upon him with a noise, which drew attention to his discomfiture. The theory of the Romanists was shown to be invincible by the writers in this country, while the Rev. A. Caldwell, the Rev. G. Pope, established the same fact in India.

The following passage, from the pamphlet of the latter writer, adds something new to the arguments cited above in favor of the Romanizing system :—

"If no new character had to be learnt, most ladies would find it extremely easy, this preliminary difficulty being got rid of, to learn so much of the vernacular as to enable them to read with and otherwise aid in the improvement of their native servants. It is strange but true that multitudes of our fellow countrymen and countrywomen spend the greater part of their lives in constant intercourse with natives without acquiring the ability to read or speak a word of their language. This ought not to be so. Few things would tend more to reconcile English people to their lot in India, to conciliate for them the esteem and affection of their native fellow subjects, and to remove that intense mutual feeling of alienation which unhappily too often exists, than the general study by all who sojourn in the land of the language of the district in which they dwell. We advocate then this system because more than any one thing that can be named, it would facilitate the study of the native languages. Nor would this advantage be entirely confined to foreigners. Natives themselves would learn to read their own languages written in the Roman character with much greater ease and certainty than on the present system. Those only who have had to teach native children their own alphabets can conceive how difficult it is for them to acquire the art of reading. Though young native children are generally quicker than European children, yet, while the latter

master their alphabet in a few days, with the former it is for the most part the weary labor of months, and a really fluent reader among natives is exceedingly rare. . . . It may safely be affirmed that the *native characters are entirely unfit for printing*. In some cases (as in the Telugu-Canarese alphabet), letters are written over one another, thus wasting much space in the printed page. The number of separate characters required for printing in any of the native characters is immensely larger than that required for the Roman. Again, the native alphabets hardly admit of the use of capital letters, italics, and those other subsidiary means by which distinctness in typography is attained. No one, however familiar with the native languages, can pretend to be able to gather any idea of the subject of a page of the printed character by running the eye over it, as can easily be done with the Roman."

But the affair has now passed, in both coun-

tries, beyond the limits of mere discussion into the arena of practical execution. In India, the government has issued an order for the correct writing of all oriental words on the Trevelyan system; and, in England, Prof. Wilson's "Glossary" and Mr. Murray's "Handbook of India" have been followed by various publications, of which the "Bâg-o-Bahâr" is the most useful, adopting and exemplifying the above system. The movement is of vast importance to the welfare of India, and it is not to be styled one of mere pedantry or affectation. On the success of it depends in a great degree the speedy civilization of India, by the rapid diffusion of European literature. The subject deserves, therefore, to be studied by every philanthropist, and the Trevelyan propositions must, we believe, carry every vote.

DISCOVERY OF ANGLO-SAXON ANTIQUITIES.—During the past summer Mr. J. Y. Akerman, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, has been engaged on the excavation of more than one hundred graves in the parish of Long Wittenham, near Abingdon, which appears to have been the site of a very extensive Anglo-Saxon cemetery.

He was originally induced to devote his vacation to this research by the fact that some years ago a skeleton of a man was discovered who had been interred with his sword, shield, and spear. The result of his labors, which have been continued with scarce a day's intermission from the middle of July to the end of October, has been entirely successful, and the large collection of very curious objects belonging to Anglo-Saxon times which he has brought home, and which are now at Somerset House awaiting their exhibition at the first meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, attest the zeal with which he has worked in the cause of early English antiquities.

Among the individual objects secured are a considerable number of urns in a brownish clay—in excellent preservation,—which have been used as receptacles for burnt bones,—several very perfect iron *umbones* or bosses of shields,—a great number of spears and knives—and one sword, in its wooden sheath, more than three feet in length. The blade of this sword is quite straight, broad, and two-edged. The spears vary much in size, one being not less than eighteen inches long, while some, found in the graves of boys, are hardly longer than daggers. Of female ornaments or of objects of domestic use a

great collection has been made, consisting chief of amber and glass beads, of hair-pins, of wheels of spindles and of brooches, various in their forms and shapes, but generally perfect and uninjured. The skeletons themselves were mostly those of large and powerful men; some, indeed, of men who must have been giants in their days. Owing to the tenacity of the soil, every bone was found entire and unbroken. They were generally placed in rectangular graves, about three feet under the surface, and had most likely been further protected originally by *tumuli*: these, however, have long since been levelled by the plough and spade.

The chief interest attaching to these discoveries is the evidence they afford of an early settlement of an Anglo-Saxon population along these upper valleys of the Thames; no one looking at these remains can doubt that they are those of a people who lived and died in the same neighborhood in which their skeletons have been discovered, and that it is not the relics of a battle field upon which Mr. Akerman has fallen.

We are bound to add, that the owner of the soil, in this instance, has, with the greatest liberality, acceded to all Mr. Akerman's requests, and that the excavator himself has met with every assistance and kind co-operation from the inhabitants of the village of Long Wittenham, and especially from its excellent vicar, the Rev. J. C. Clutterbuck.

It is proposed to keep this collection together, and to place it, for future exhibition, in cases provided by the Society of Antiquaries, on whose account, and, in great measure, by whose support, these researches have been undertaken.

From Fraser's Magazine.

EARTHQUAKES.

"*E pur si muove.*" What if, when starry Galileo uttered these memorable words to the bigoted and unbelieving inquisitors, the globe had moved, not, indeed, in the sense that the philosopher meant, but quaked under the influence of those mysterious and unknown causes which produce the astounding and terrific phenomena of Earthquakes? Then, indeed, the sceptical Jesuits—if they had not been whelmed in yawning gulfs, or crushed beneath falling columns—might have admitted that the all-powerful Being producing such phenomena might also cause the globe to revolve. And it is worthy of remark, that an earthquake of great severity occurred in Italy during the very year (1633) in which Galileo was brought before the Inquisition at Rome. At Mantua and Naples much damage was done, and the village of Nicolosi, at the foot of Etna, was totally destroyed. For Galileo, a bright light amidst his fellows, lived in an age when storms and tempests, thunder and lightning, flashing meteors, and, above all, volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, were regarded either as instruments of punishment or as awful portents of the fall of kingdoms or the destruction of tyrants. Earthquakes were especially dreaded on account of their destructiveness. "We know, indeed," says Butler, in his *Analogy of Religion*, "several of the general laws of matter, and a great part of the behavior of living agents is reducible to general laws, but we know nothing in a manner by what laws earthquakes become the instruments of destruction to mankind." The progress of science and education has stripped astronomical phenomena of many of the superstitions which the vulgar and uneducated attach to them. The lightning has been controlled, electricity made to obey our mandates, and storms have been brought in a great measure under certain well-established physical laws, but it is only very recently that volcanic and earthquake phenomena have been investigated by exact science; and although theory and speculation must still enter largely into all attempts to fathom the cosmical laws connected with earthquakes, still much has been done to enable us to arrive at a tolerably just knowledge of the nature of these phenomena.

Earthquakes have long engaged the atten-

tion of philosophers. The works of Aristotle and Pliny contain many passages and allusions to them; and innumerable books and tracts, some abounding with extraordinary, and curious, and occasionally with shrewd speculations, testify how interesting the study of earthquake phenomena has always been considered.

But, numerous as these investigations have been, it is equally certain that the bibliography of earthquakes is singularly deficient in scientific results of any value, the staple of earthquake stories being made up of gossip and accidents that befell men, animals, and buildings, rather than of the phenomena themselves.

This loose and inconclusive method led the committee of the British Association for the Advancement of Science to devote a sum of money for the purpose of investigating earthquake phenomena, and drawing up a report on their principal features. The labor has been excessive, and the results, for which we are mainly indebted to Mr. Robert Mallet, F.R.S., are extremely interesting. Four valuable reports have been made. The last consists of a large volume containing records of nearly seven thousand earthquakes, observed over every known part of the globe, both on land and ocean, from 285 years B.C. to A.D. 1850.

As may be supposed, the records of early observed earthquakes do not present that scientific exactitude desired by modern physicists anxious to explain earthquake phenomena; but nevertheless, the great mass of observations has enabled Mr. Mallet to arrive, by careful discussion, at results of great interest, and to him are we mainly indebted for the fact that seismology (from *σεισμος*, an earthquake) has become an exact science.

Before, however, giving any account of the deductions from the 6,831 recorded earthquakes, we purpose laying before our readers some of the most striking phenomena noted in the *Catalogue*.

During the first three centuries of historic time—according to our commonly accepted chronology—there are no earthquake records; and while between A.C. 1700 and A.C. 1400, there are a few scattered facts, there is again, from A.C. 1400 to A.C. 900, nearly a period of five hundred years of perfect blank, followed again, with a few exceptions, by another blank from A.C. 800 to A.C. 600.

Even in the succeeding century, but two earthquakes are recorded; so that in fact, records of any value for scientific analysis may be said to commence at the five hundredth year before the Christian era.

The sacred writings abound with allusions to earthquakes which occasioned the destruction of cities; and Thucydides, Tacitus, Josephus, Livy, Pliny, and Julius Obsequens, make frequent mention of disasters arising from these phenomena. Thus, in the year A.C. 33 an earthquake occurred in Palestine, by which 30,000 persons were killed. Thirteen important cities were destroyed in Asia Minor six years before the crucifixion of our Saviour; and Matthew, Luke, and Eusebius have told us how the earth quaked during that awful tragedy. Passing on to the fifth century, we find that the whole of Europe was convulsed about that period. In the year 446, earthquakes, which lasted six months, desolated the greater part of the civilized world; and in 494, Laodicea, Hierapolis, Tripolis, and Agathicum, were overwhelmed. In the middle of the sixth century (562), bellowing noises proceeded from mountains adjoining the Rhone, and from the Pyrenees, followed by the falling of huge rocks and subterranean commotions. In 684, the Japanese province of Josa was visited by a terrible earthquake, causing great destruction of life, and the loss of 500,000 acres of land, which sank into the sea. In 801 the Basilica of St. Paul at Rome was destroyed by an earthquake felt over France, Germany, and Italy. In 842, the greater part of France was convulsed by shocks, attended by awful subterranean noises; and it is worthy of remark, that on this occasion we have the first record of the phenomenon having been followed by a very severe epidemic, of which many persons died. In 859, we read that upwards of 1,500 houses were thrown down at Antioch; and in the following year Holland was greatly convulsed, and one of the mouths of the Rhone suddenly closed. The latter end of the ninth century witnessed a terrific earthquake in India, which destroyed 180,000 persons. This was preceded by an eclipse of the sun, the falling of showers of black meteoric stones, and followed by great storms. In 1021, extensive areas in Southern Germany, and especially Bavaria, were devastated by an earthquake, the wells were troubled, and the water in

many became red, like blood. Great inundations were produced in many places, and igneous meteors were observed. In 1089, a terrible convulsion was felt over England; houses were seen to leap upwards; fruit trees were blasted; and the harvest was not gathered until the 30th November. In 1158, the Thames was dried up, so that it could be passed dryshod; and in 1179, the earth in Durham swelled up to a great height from nine in the morning to the setting of the sun, and then with a loud noise sank down again, leaving pools of water in various places. This, however, though extremely severe, was far exceeded in intensity by a convulsion in April, 1185, which destroyed many buildings in England, including Lincoln Cathedral. In 1348, shocks of great violence during the winter months desolated Europe. The earth opened in different places, and pestilential exhalations came forth. A rain of blood is mentioned as having fallen in several localities. In 1506, earthquakes, which lasted, with scarcely any intermission, for four weeks, day and night, occurred in Cabul and Afghanistan. The earth opened in many places, and closed again, after throwing forth water, which occupied the place of dry land. Over an area of forty-nine square miles the surface of the earth was so altered and disturbed that parts were raised as high as an elephant above their former level, and then sank as deeply below it. In 1580, England, and especially Kent, was visited by a terrible earthquake. At Sandwich, the sea was so much agitated that the ships in harbor were dashed against one another. The same happened at Dover. The great bells at Westminster and other places tolled, buildings were thrown down, and immense damage was done. It is recorded, that during the visitation the heavens were serene, and the air quite tranquil. In 1626, thirty towns and villages in the Neapolitan territory were destroyed by an earthquake, and 17,000 persons lost their lives. Clefts opened in the ground, lakes were dried up, mountains riven, forests overthrown, and jets of water and mud thrown out of the wells. The shock was accompanied by subterranean noises and a smell of sulphur. In 1683, England was again convulsed. The shocks were particularly violent in Oxfordshire. Persons on the Cherwell felt the boats in which they were tremble beneath them, the fish rushed about

in great alarm, and articles of domestic furniture were moved from their places. Many persons stated that they saw the *ignis fatuus* before the earthquake. The barometer was higher than it had been for three years. In 1692, a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed in Jamaica. The island rose in waves like the sea, and then sank a little, permanently. At Port Royal, three-fourths of the houses were thrown down, 3,000 persons perished; and a piece of land of about 1,000 acres sank into the sea. A strange accident happened to an inhabitant of the island. He was precipitated into one of the fissures, and forcibly ejected, uninjured by a second shock. This year seems to have been famous for earthquakes over the globe. In Sicily, 49 towns and villages, and 972 churches and convents, were overthrown, and 93,000 persons lost their lives. The earthquakes were accompanied by fearful eruptions of Etna, Vesuvius, and Hecla. Towards the close of the seventeenth century, earthquakes were again very prevalent in Europe, the oscillations were so powerful as to rock people in their beds, noises similar to those produced by grinding stones were heard, and great damage done.

The early part of the eighteenth century was also marked by very violent earthquakes. In Japan 200,000 persons were killed in 1703; the following year the south of Yorkshire experienced violent shocks; doors and furniture were set in motion, and a noise like the sighing of wind was heard, though the air was perfectly calm. The shocks were preceded by a violent tempest. In September, 1726, Sicily was again devastated. A great part of Palermo was destroyed. Four churches, ten palaces, and 1,600 houses were thrown down, and 6,000 persons perished. The earth opened and threw out burning sulphur and red-hot stones, and the atmosphere appeared as if on fire. The great earthquake of Lisbon, which occurred on the 1st of November, 1755, was preceded by an unusually large number of earthquakes in Europe, particularly during the years 1749 to 1755. In 1750 (March 19), the earth in St. James' Park and elsewhere swelled up and seemed on the point of opening. Dogs howled dismally; fishes threw themselves out of the water; one person is recorded to have been turned on his feet, and a girl had her arm broken. This earthquake, and another which occurred on

the 20th of March, terrified the inhabitants of London to such a degree, that to avoid the fatal effects of a more terrible shock, predicted by a madman for the 8th of April following, thousands of persons, particularly those of rank and fortune, passed the night of the 7th of April in their carriages and in tents in Hyde Park.

A great number of strange meteorological phenomena are recorded as having been observed in October, 1755, throughout Spain and Portugal. Indeed, for some time before the Lisbon earthquake, accounts of halos round the sun and moon, igneous meteors, alterations in well and river water, which generally acquired an offensive odor, besides violent thunder, lightning, and rain, are to be found as having occurred in almost all parts of Europe. These phenomena, however, were most remarkable in Spain, where the well water was discolored, rats and reptiles came forth from their holes terrified, and domestic animals were frightened and uneasy.

The great Lisbon earthquake was first perceived at 9.38 A.M. The convulsion, one of the most violent and widely extended on record, produced terrible effects over a space of the earth's surface included between Iceland on the north, Mogador, in Morocco, on the south, Töplitz, in Bohemia, on the east, and the West India Islands on the west. It was felt in the Alps, on the shores of Sweden, in the West Indies, on the Lakes in Canada, in Ireland, Thuringia, and Northern Germany. Taking the area convulsed at 3,300 miles long, and 2,700 miles wide, which is equal to 7,500,000 square miles, and supposing the motion only extended to a depth of twenty miles, there must have been 150,000,000 of cubic miles of solid matter put in motion, a mass which conveys to the mind a bewildering conception of the enormous power of the originating impulse. Actual shocks were not, however, felt over the whole of this surface; in some places agitation of the water, in lakes, canals, etc., being the only sensible effect produced. The centre of disturbance seems to have been situated beneath the Atlantic Ocean, a little West of the coast of Portugal. In Portugal itself, and especially in Lisbon, the most terrible destruction took place, partly owing, of course, to its contiguity to the seat of volcanic action, and partly to the nature of the earth's surface at that place. The shocks appear to have been from west to east.

east, and to have lasted from one minute to ten minutes.

The calculated rate of motion of the earth-wave was 7,955 feet per second; at this rate the equatorial circumference of the earth would have been gone round in about forty-five hours. At ten o'clock on the same day, the north-west portion of Africa was violently convulsed; near Morocco a mountain opened and swallowed a village, with 8000 or 10,000 people. At 11.30 Milan was shaken, the lamps swung in the churches; and about the same time a noise like that of a great wave breaking on the shore was heard in Sweden and Norway, followed by shocks which shook the furniture in the houses. The springs in the Pyrenees were affected, and in the Alps some wells became salt.

The latter part of the eighteenth century was marked by numerous violent earthquakes. On the 27th of November, 1776, the Kentish coast experienced several shocks. The day was perfectly calm. Furniture was moved at Canterbury, Dover, and Ashford. Church bells rang, and rumbling noises were heard. In January, 1780, Sicily was again convulsed, and Etna, which had been tranquil for fourteen years, broke forth, and continued in violent eruption until the 16th of June, accompanied by frightful noise. At Florence, Faenza, and Marseilles, the earth rose several times, and the Mediterranean and Swiss lakes were agitated in various localities. Passing over many violent earthquakes, we come to the year 1783, when a frightful convulsion, which proved fatal to 40,000 persons, desolated Calabria and Sicily. This earthquake, unparalleled for its duration, for it may be said to have lasted until 1786, abounds with interesting phenomena. Fortunately for science, these phenomena were observed with great care by various trustworthy persons, sent by the king of Naples to the scene of the disasters, and by Sir William Hamilton, who surveyed the country, at considerable personal risk, before the shocks had ceased. The earthquake commenced on the 5th of February and between that period and the end of July the most violent shocks were experienced. The subsequent convulsions were comparatively slight. All the towns and villages in Calabria were shaken with tremendous violence. At first those built on loose detrital foundations were laid low, while others situated on rocks, though greatly

shaken, for the most part remained standing. But strange to say, the earth-wave in March produced a contrary effect. The ground yawned throughout the convulsed district in a frightful manner. Statues and obelisks were twirled on their pedestals to such a degree as to give rise to the supposition that the earth had undergone a twisting movement. But Mr. Mallet, with greater probability, asserts that this movement of the stones arose from the centre of gravity of the body lying to one side of a vertical plane in the line of shock; and this is partly confirmed by the circumstance that at the monastery of St. Bruno stones were moved horizontally upon lower stones, without the position of the latter being altered.

The sea in the Straits of Messina was violently agitated; the quay sank fourteen inches below its original level, and the houses in the vicinity were much fissured. The course of rivers was arrested for a moment, and then renewed with such violence as to tear away every obstruction. In Calabria the darkness was so great that lights were obliged to be used. A disagreeable odor was very perceptible. Many persons were afflicted by nausea. During the violent period of the earthquake the weather was still and gloomy, and Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna were perfectly quiet.

In the winter of 1797, the territory of Quito was desolated by a terrific earthquake. No less than 40,000 persons are said to have been destroyed on this occasion. The earthquake was preceded by loud, subterranean noises. The great volcano of Tunguragua, which usually acts as a safety valve to this highly Plutonic region, became still, and the smoke of Pacto, another volcano seventy-five leagues distant, disappeared suddenly into the crater. The movements of translation accompanying this and other earthquakes in South America, presented striking and most complicated phenomena. "Avenues of trees," says Humboldt, "were moved without being uprooted; fields bearing different kinds of cultivation became intermixed; and articles belonging to one house were found among the ruins of others at a considerable distance, a discovery which gave rise to some perplexing lawsuits."

The winter of 1803 was attended by numerous violent earthquakes in Europe. On the 13th December, Mount Blanc was violently

shaken, and a mass of ice 100 feet in height was precipitated from its sides. Shortly after this occurrence, the Breven mountains, rising from the Valley of Chamouni, suffered the same concussions, and great masses of rock were detached and rolled into the vale below. The force on this occasion must have been enormous to have produced such effects. In 1816, we find that Inverness and the country round for 100 miles suffered considerably from an earthquake. The spire of the church was greatly shaken, and six feet at the top twisted round, so that the angles of the octagon coincided with the middle of the faces of the part below. Doors swung to and fro. Bells rang. The water of Loch Leven was rendered muddy. Many persons experienced sickness. Dogs howled, and birds were scared from their roosting places.

And here we may take occasion to state that the *Catalogue* contains many records of earthquakes in Scotland, not indeed in recent years accompanied by fatal results, but still testifying that that region has been frequently visited by shocks. And if we examine a geological map of Scotland we find, from the two great bands of trappean eruption, that the northern part of our island was once a veritable *Terra del Fuego* convulsed by fiery depths. Worthy of remark, too, is the fact, that we are indebted to Plutonic agencies for those picturesque forms that charm the tourist's eye in Caledonia. The marvellous peaks of Skye, and

"Arthur's craggy bulk,
That dweller of the air, abrupt and lone,"

overhanging Edinburgh, were brought forth amidst convulsive earthquake throes. Originally a molten mass that came hissing from the deep, amidst the rending of rocks, and the roaring of flames, Arthur's seat cooled down into that picturesque form from the tranquil summit of which we now gaze with delight on the broad landscape. The castle of Edinburgh is built on another elevation born amidst earthquake paroxysms, and curiously enough, precisely where the Plutonic forces raged most, upheaving crests and pinnacles of trap rock, there history informs us human warfare has been most violent. For, on their commanding eminences warriors built their strongholds. The castles of Stirling, Dumbarton, and Dirleton, stand on trap rocks, and the thunder of battle was heard in

those localities which in distant ages rocked under the influence of earthquakes.

Reverting to the *Catalogue*, we find that, in 1808, a terrible earthquake in Catania was accompanied by the unusual phenomenon of walls opening horizontally, so that the light of the moon penetrated for an instant before the fissures closed.

In 1811, Carolina, and the valleys of the Mississippi, Ohio, and the Arkansas, were visited by a tremendous earthquake, remarkable from the absence of volcanoes in those regions. A vast area was affected, many persons were killed, and the effect produced on the trees, as the earth-wave passed through the forests, is represented as very extraordinary. Although the air was perfectly still, trees were twisted and their boughs wrenched off by the transit of the earth-wave; others, though undisturbed, were killed; and when Sir C. Lyell visited the locality in 1846, he observed that zones of trees affected by the earthquake of 1811 were dead and leafless, though standing erect and entire.

But probably no earthquake of which we have any record, exhibits the tremendous volcanic force so forcibly as that which occurred in 1822, in Chili. The centre of disturbance was near Valparaíso; that city was greatly injured, and the coast along a line of 1,200 miles was shaken. But a more wonderful phenomenon was the permanent elevation of the land to a height of between two and seven feet over an area of 100,000 square miles, or within one-sixth of that of Great Britain and Ireland. Some idea of the force exercised to accomplish this, may be formed from a calculation made by Sir C. Lyell, that the mass uplifted contained fifty-seven cubic miles in bulk, equal to a conical mountain two miles high, with a circumference at the base of nearly thirty-three miles—or, assuming the great pyramid of Egypt to weigh 6,000,000 tons, the mass upheaved by this earthquake, exceeded the weight of 100,000 pyramids.*

Records like these—and now it must be borne in mind we are no longer dealing with doubtful authorities—testify, that however much other physical causes which have affected our globe may be modified, earthquakes still are mighty agents in changing

* See Lyell's *Principles of Geology* for further interesting speculations respecting this earthquake.

the earth's crust, and the terrible earthquake in the Neapolitan territory in the winter of 1857-8, attests that the subterranean force is far from being exhausted. This earthquake occurred too recently to be included in the British Association Earthquake Catalogue, but our article would be incomplete were it to be omitted from the list of remarkable earthquake phenomena.

The tremendous visitation was preceded by subterranean agitation. Vesuvius was in a state of chronic eruption for two years. The wells of Resina were dried up in the autumn of 1857. Fetid gaseous exhalations burst from the streams near Salandro, the waters of which attained a boiling temperature. The atmosphere for several weeks before the earthquake was unusually calm, and a light, like that proceeding from a misty moon, was seen in places where the earthquake was subsequently extremely violent. Dogs howled, and strange hissing sounds were heard.

The first decided intimation of the impending catastrophe occurred on the 7th December, when a slight shock threw down the cone of Vesuvius. It was hoped, and indeed expected, that this volcano would, as of old, prove as a safety valve. But in place of the gorgeous pillar of fire that dominated the cone during the autumn, nothing now appeared but a wreath of smoke, and a lambent flame which lighted Naples with a supernatural glare, a convincing proof that the volcanic energies were about to expend their forces in another manner and direction.

On the 16th December, at ten P.M., the inhabitants of the Neapolitan States were made aware that the terrible enemy was at their doors. Soon, too soon, the ruin came. At Naples, the furniture first, then the walls, and next whole houses rocked, while bells rang: "*Terremuoto—terremuoto*," shrieked the population, as they rushed wildly reeling into the streets, invoking the aid of their favorite saints. Then came the *replica* or return earth-wave which hurled them with irresistible force against the tottering walls, occasioning in many cases intense sickness. After midnight several other shocks were felt in the city, but although the wildest panic reigned, during which ruffians profited by the occasion to plunder the deserted houses and commit outrages, it was found when daylight returned that no life had been lost, and that the damage to buildings was confined to stair-

cases having fallen, and walls having been fissured.

But although Naples thus escaped—assigned by the superstitious to the belief that the blood of St. Januarius had liquified of its own accord—ruin, wide-spreading, terrible, and awful as that foreshadowed in the Apocalypse, fell upon the land. Throughout the provinces, and nearly in every commune, buildings of all descriptions were whelmed in common destruction, and so sudden and violent were the shocks, that thousands of human beings had not time to escape from the houses, beneath the ruins of which they were buried. In Potenzo, a town of 15,000 inhabitants, about ninety miles south-east of Naples, not a house remained in a habitable state. "Our pens," say the writers of the official reports of the awful calamity, "fall in terror from our hands;" and no wonder, when we are assured by the same authorities that this terrible and wide-spreading earthquake killed upwards of 30,000 human beings, besides injuring thousands who were buried beneath the ruins, in some cases for days before being exhumed.

The phenomena attending this tremendous visitation were most remarkable. The ground in many districts is stated to have rolled like waves. At Resina the entire town and neighborhood were in a state of vibration from ten A.M. to five P.M. on the 30th December. At Naples, from the 18th to the 30th of that month, eighty-four shocks were felt, and these would in all probability have been attended with great destruction and loss of life had not Vesuvius opened after the 16th December. "For a day or two," says a spectator, writing from Naples, "the mountain had been singularly undemonstrative, but on the very night of the earthquake, subsequent to the shocks, a new vent was opened, and a great quantity of smoke and stones was thrown out. A few days after, a sound, as of a violent discharge of artillery, was heard, and a huge column of stones was shot up. It would be useless to speculate on what might have been the consequences had this valve not been opened; but one fact is undeniable, that Naples has escaped with shakings of the houses."

Mariners at sea state that they felt the shocks as if their barks had struck upon the rocks; others as if they had been twirled suddenly round in the vortex of a whirlpool.

The effect of earthquakes upon the sea has been much studied by Mr. Mallet. He states that when the earth-wave passes under the deep water of the ocean, it probably shows no trace of its progress at the surface, "but as it arrives in soundings, and gets into water more and more shallow, the undulation of the bottom the crest of the long, flat-shaped earth-wave brings along with it—carries upon its back, as it were—a corresponding aqueous undulation, slight, long, and flat, upon the surface of the water. This, which may be called the *forced sea-wave* of earthquakes, and which has no proper motion of its own, communicates the earthquake shocks to ships at sea, as if they had struck upon a rock."

The general direction of the earth-waves south-east of Naples seems to have been from north to south, crossed, however, not unfrequently, by other waves from east to west. In both cases the waves recoiled, producing the *replica* or return shock, involving certain destruction to every object within its influence. At Potenzo the motion was violently undulatory, accompanied by vertical and leaping movements, causing furniture to bound upwards. Mr. Mallet, who was commissioned by the Royal Society to examine the earthquake-shaken provinces, informs us that Saponara, a town of 8,000 inhabitants, which experienced return shocks, was absolutely reduced to powder; and photographs executed under his directions shows in many instances the extraordinary apparent vorticose effect of the motion. At Padula a photograph now before us represents a large stone statue of the Virgin turned on its pedestal; and lamps and chandeliers suspended from the ceiling were in many instances observed suddenly to swing at right angles to their first direction of motion. Throughout extensive areas the land was seamed with deep fissures arising from land-slips or other secondary causes, and roads were moved two hundred feet from their original positions.

Although the earthquake was not felt sensibly at Rome, the stoppage of several delicate instruments in the Observatory of that city, leads the Rev. Director, Padre Secchi, to the conclusion that the earthquake wave passed under that city. Mr. Mallet traced it north of Naples, until the effects from it became lost in the alluvium near Terracina; but in the parallel limestone hills the results were observable as far as Sevmonta.

It would be easy to cite additional facts illustrating the damage caused by this earthquake. Enough, however, has been said to show that the phenomena attending it were of the most awful and ruinous nature; for besides the destruction to property and life, the catastrophe, occurring as it did in mid-winter, caused the poor houseless inhabitants, who were obliged to encamp in the open ground, great additional suffering, further aggravated by their indolent and superstitious habits. No wonder that the Neapolitan dreads the winter earthquake.

We have now given the salient phenomena observed in connection with earthquakes. All are wonderful, many most perplexing. Let us now see what results Mr. Mallet draws from the records.

Divided by chronological periods, it appears that the end of the third century first gives evidence of numerical increase; and earthquakes seem to steadily progress in numbers up to 1850. But the rapid and vast extension, particularly in the first half of the nineteenth century, affords no proof that there has been a corresponding, or even any, increase in the frequency of earthquake phenomena. For, as the report truly observes, the *Catalogue of Earthquakes* is not only a record of these phenomena, but also of the advance of human enterprise, travel, and observation. Indeed, to assume that earthquake disturbance has been continually on the increase, would be to contradict all the analogies of the physics of our globe. These analogies might lead us to suppose that, like other violent presumed periodical actions, that producing earthquakes was becoming feeble, and the series of earthquakes would consequently be found a converging one. Were this so, however, to any considerable extent, we should not find the vast expansions of results which the last three hundred years present. This expansion, it is believed, just keeps pace with that of contemporaneous human progress; for the increase in the number of recorded earthquakes always coincides with the epochs of increased impulse and energy in human enterprise. It is therefore pretty certain that earthquake action has remained nearly uniform throughout historic time; thus showing that if the interior of our globe is in a liquid or melting state, the cooling process is extremely slow. Earthquakes do not seem in any part of the world, as far

an originating impulse is concerned, to be connected with the superficial character to the greatest known depth of geological formations. While earthquake waves diverge from axial lines that are generally of the older rock formations, and often of crystalline igneous rocks, or actively volcanic, they penetrate thence formations of every age and sort, and are direct agents of elevation.

Viewing as a whole, and at a single glance, the distribution of earthquake energy over the entire globe, it presents, according to Mr. Mallet, a vast loop, or band, round the Pacific, a more broken and irregular one around the Atlantic, with subdividing bands, and a broad band stretching across Europe and Asia, and uniting them.

Thus, an apparent preponderance of seismic surface seems to lie about the temperate and torrid zones, both northern and southern; but, as the report observes, extended observation is yet required in high latitudes, and particularly in the Antarctic regions, where we know violent volcanic force exists, before it can be affirmed that there is a real preponderance extending over any one or more great climatic bands or zones of the earth's surface.

It may, however, be confidently assumed that there are few parts of the earth's crust that are not convulsed by earthquakes. The study of seismic force may indeed be said to concern us intimately; for though we do not suffer from earthquakes to a fatal extent, yet their occurrence in a slight degree in Scotland and the north of England shows that volcanic action exists beneath Great Britain.

The remarkable fact has been observed, that earthquakes are more prevalent and violent in winter than during summer.

Taking the whole of Europe, the preponderance of earthquakes during winter is very marked, the *Catalogue* showing that during fifteen centuries and a half, 857 earthquakes occurred during spring and summer, and 1,165 during autumn and winter. Of 255 earthquakes in England and Scotland, 44 occurred during the spring months, 58 during the summer months, 79 during the autumn months, and 74 during the winter months. And with respect to earthquakes in the Italian peninsula, it is recorded that in several instances no alarm was felt when they broke out during summer, while those in winter inspired the greatest terror. The *Catalogue*

further shows that earthquakes are more numerous and violent in those localities where volcanoes are most active. The connection between volcanic and seismic effort is so obvious, although the nature of the connection is but little understood, that we are quite prepared to find that the most violent earthquakes have occurred precisely where volcanic centres stand close in rank. An earthquake in a non-volcanic region may, in fact, be viewed as an uncompleted effort to establish a volcano. The forces of explosion and impulse are the same in both; they differ only in degree of energy, or in the varying sorts and degrees of resistance opposed to them.

Stretching in a vast horseshoe convex to the south, from Burmah and Pegu, and surrounding the great island of Borneo, with an intervening belt of sea, and reaching round to Formosa on the north-west, we have an almost continuous girdle of volcanoes and lofty mountains. Every island of the group, including Java and Sumatra, is shaken by formidable and frequent earthquakes. Nothing even in South America or Mexico appears to rival the grandeur of volcanic energy and sympathetic earthquake action of that region. In 1815, the thundering of Tomboro, in Sumbava, was heard nearly 1,000 miles away (through the earth no doubt), and the ashes or tufa-dust floating through the air converted the ordinary light of noon into darkness 300 miles distant in Java, and were precipitated at sea a thousand miles from the point of ejection, while vast tracts of country, with inhabited towns, suddenly became engulfed and disappeared during periods of eruption which may be said to have been almost continuous.

The great shock, or earth-wave, observes Mr. Mallet, is a true undulation of the solid crust of the earth, travelling with immense velocity outwards in every direction from the point vertically above the centre of impulse. If this be at small depth below the surface, the shock will be felt principally horizontally; but if the origin be profound, the shock will be felt more or less vertically, and in this case two distinct waves may be felt, the first due to the originating normal wave, the second to the transversal waves vibrating at right angles to it.

The earth-wave as observed in Europe, is supposed to travel from W. $2^{\circ} 39'$ N. to E. $2^{\circ} 39'$ S. The velocity or transit of the

earth-wave or shock has never been precisely ascertained, but it is computed with great probability to average 1,760 feet per second. Humboldt, a high authority on all matters relating to telluric phenomena, states the velocity to be from five to seven geographical (German) miles per minute—equivalent to between twenty and twenty-eight statute miles. In great earthquakes, the wave travelling at the rate of probably about thirty miles per minute, takes frequently ten to twenty seconds to pass a given point.

Grants of money made by the Royal Society and the British Association, have enabled Mr. Mallet to make a great number of experiments on the velocity of the earth-wave through various strata. Canisters and casks containing powder were sunk in the earth at distances varying from half a mile to a mile from each other, and it was found that the seismoscope wave passed throughs and at the rate of 965 feet per second, and through solid granite at the rate of 1,661 feet per second.

Want of observations renders it of course difficult to arrive at any just conclusion respecting the annual number of earthquakes beneath the ocean, but making every allowance for imperfect information, the disparity of relative numbers is such as to warrant our estimating, with some confidence, that the seismic energy, is manifested with much greater power, for equal areas, upon the dry land than upon the ocean bed.

Contemporary with Mr. Mallet's valuable and interesting researches are those of M. Perrey, who was the first to notice a singular connection between the phases of the moon and earthquakes. By the analysis of various catalogues of earthquakes, he deduces

1.—That earthquakes occur more frequently at the periods of new and full moon.

2.—That their frequency increases at the perigee and diminishes at the apogee of the moon.

3.—That shocks of earthquake are more frequent when the moon is near the meridian than when she is ninety degrees away from it.

These conclusions point to the existence of a terrestrial as well as an oceanic tide. The theory was so novel as to lead the French Academy to appoint a commission to report upon it. Among the members was the late M. Arago, and here is their explanation of M. Perrey's views:—

"If, as is generally believed in the present day, the interior of the earth is, owing to its high temperature, in a liquid or melted state, and if the globe has but a comparatively thin solid crust, the interior being deprived of solidity is compelled to yield, like the superficial mass of the ocean waters, to the attractive force exercised by the sun and moon, and it acquires a tendency to swell out in the direction of the rays of these two bodies; but this tendency meets with a resistance in the rigidity of the solid crust, which occasions shocks and fractures of the latter. The intensity of this force varies, like the tides, according to the relative position of the sun and moon, and consequently according to the moon's age; and we must also observe that as the tides ebb and flow twice in the course of a lunar day, at those hours which agree with the passing of the moon over the meridian, so the direction of the attraction exercised upon a point of the interior globe must change twice a day, according as the point recedes or approaches the meridian, the plane of which passes through the centre of the moon. Without entering into longer details, we can easily conceive that if the fusion of the interior mass of the globe plays a part among the causes of earthquakes, then its influence may become evident by a necessary connection, capable of observation, between the occurrence of earthquakes and the circumstances which modify the moon's action upon the entire globe, or upon a portion of it; namely, its angular distance from the sun, its real distance from the earth, and its angular distance from the meridian of the place, or, in other words, the moon's age, the time of perihelion, and the hour of the lunar day."

Another hypothesis connects magnetism with earthquakes. The magnet is known to be periodically affected in a very extraordinary manner; magnetic storms, as they are called, recurring at the same hours. We also know that magnetism has a wonderful apparent connection with solar spots, which increase and diminish with a periodicity due probably to some occult cosmical law; and thus while it is found that the sun, moon, and our earth are in direct physical relation to each other, and all are apparently affected by magnetism—for our satellite has a magnetic influence on our planet—then it is not, perhaps, too much to say that magnetism may affect earthquakes, and that the latter may obey some unknown magnetic law. At the same time, while Humboldt was willing to concede the possibility of there being a connection between magnetic currents and earth-

quakes, he has placed on record in *Cosmos* that during the time he spent in South America he only once found that the magnetical inclination decreased during an earthquake. This was in 1799, after a violent earthquake at Cumana, when the inclination was diminished 90 centesimal minutes, or nearly a whole degree. During the three years subsequent to 1799 that he passed in South America, he states that he never again met with a sudden alteration of the magnetic inclination which he could ascribe to earthquake phenomena, various as were the directions in which the undulatory movement of the terrestrial strata was propagated.

Passing from the regions of theory to those of fact, the observations that have been made lead Mr. Mallet to the conclusion that the true definition of an earthquake is, the transit of a wave of elastic compression in any direction from vertically upwards to horizontally in any azimuth, through the surface and crust of the earth from any centre of impulse, or from more than one, and which may be attended with tidal and round waves dependent upon the former, and upon circumstances of position as to sea and land.

Besides the frightful devastation caused by earthquakes at the time of their occurrence, they have considerable effect on the outward form of our globe. Thus the rising of the earth's crust between Gothenburg and the North Cape, at the rate of five feet in a century, is believed to be due to seismic influence; while, on the other hand, the depression of the land on the west coast of Greenland and Denmark and the Faroe Islands, proceeds from the same cause. It is also supposed that there are great areas of gradual subsidence beneath the Pacific. A map accompanying the *Earthquake Catalogue*, shows that the bands or zones of probable depression are near the great seats of volcanic activity, and that the latter have generally subsiding areas at more than one side. Thus, in the Pacific, the blue band is along the great volcanic girdle from Celebes to New Zealand, and thence stretches between the line of suboceanic volcanic girdles from the New Hebrides to the Marquesas. And again, the great volcanic horseshoe girdle of Sumbava is between the area of subsidence in the China Sea, north of Borneo, and the blue coral bands north of Australia, which whole continent, or at least

its western and northern parts, may probably be subsiding also.

From the observations hitherto made, Mr. Mallet considers that general horizontal directions of seismic movement upon large tracts of the earth's surface do not exist. Indeed, the apparent terrible twisting motion occasioned by the crossing of horizontal waves, is one of the most common features of earthquake phenomena. This is the motion producing the nausea which has been felt by human beings and also by some domestic animals. Although this consequence has been questioned, the fact, as respects man, admits of no doubt. Mr. Mallet has direct testimony of persons having been suddenly awakened by an earthquake, and immediately suffering nausea, amounting in many instances to vomiting. And in the late earthquake at Naples, many instances were related to Mr. Mallet of persons having been made sick by the shocks.

The general conclusions deducible from the observations, are thus summed up in the report:—

1. "The superficial distribution of seismic influence over existing terrestrial space, does not follow the law of distribution in historic time, and is not one of uniformity. There is this resemblance, which, however, is not a true analogy; that, as the distribution is paroxysmal in time, so it is local in space.

2. "The normal type of superficial distribution, is that of bands of variable and of great breadth, with sensible seismic influence extending from 5° to 15° in width transversely.

3. "These bands very generally follow the lines of elevation which mark and divide the great oceanic or terra-oceanic basins of the earth's surface.

4. "And in so far as these are frequently the lines of mountain chains, and these latter those of volcanic vents, so the seismic bands are found to follow them likewise.

5. "Although the sensible influence is generally limited to the average width of the seismic band, paroxysmal efforts are occasionally propagated to great superficial distances beyond it.

6. "The sensible width of the seismic band depends upon the energy developed, and upon the accidental geologic and topographic conditions at each point along its entire length.

7. "Earthquake energy may become sensible at any point of the earth's surface, its efforts being, however, greater and more fre

quent as the great volcanic lines of activity are approached.

8. "The surfaces of smallest or of no known disturbance, are the central areas of great oceanic or terra-oceanic basins or saucers, and the greater islands existing in shallow seas."

Mr. Mallet justly observes that it is much to be regretted that the scientific departments and bodies of the chief civilized countries do not unite and agree upon some uniform system for observing earthquakes, in order that the records might be transmitted to some assigned locality for discussion. For until some system of this kind be adopted, it would be hopeless to deduce any certain laws from earthquake phenomena.

In the mean while, Mr. Mallet, trusting that something of this kind will be done, has paid great attention to the dynamics of earthquakes, and the present *Earthquake Catalogue* contains, in the form of an appendix, valuable observations upon instrumental seismometry, and seismometers, upon the excellence of which our future knowledge of earthquakes must in a great measure depend. Very great ingenuity has been displayed in the construction of these instruments, which are intended to show surface perturbation

and the passage of the earth-wave. So exquisitely sensitive are some seismometers that, like the trembling peas on the tight drumhead which tell the engineer of insidious mining operations, their slightest movement conveys a warning of grave import.

The study of earthquake laws is of the highest interest and importance to geology and terrestrial physics, and as the information contained in the *Earthquake Catalogue* is not generally accessible, Mr. Mallet has rendered good service by reprinting from the third edition of the *Admiralty Manual of Scientific Inquiry*, published this year, his contribution *On the Observation of Earthquake Phenomena*. With this earthquake handbook, as it may be called, the traveller who may happen to visit the great seats of volcanic and seismic action will be able, by following Mr. Mallet's lucid instructions, to contribute largely to this interesting branch of science. We may also state that Herr Yetteles, of the Imperial Academy of Vienna, has lately published some very interesting and valuable monographs descriptive of Hungarian earthquakes in the Carpathian chain, which throw considerable light on the seismic phenomena of that region. C. R. WELD.

RAIN IN EGYPT.—It has long been a prevalent opinion that it never or very rarely rains in Egypt. Formerly, it was said that there was no rain at all; and several wet days having been observed of late years, they were supposed to have been caused by a change of climate, produced, it was imagined, by some extensive plantations in the valley of the Nile. M. Jomard, however, shows, by documentary evidence, that all these opinions of no rain and change of climate are erroneous. Rain, and heavy rains, with thunder and lightning, though rare visitors, are not strangers in Egypt.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his *History of Europe*, writes as follows, "It never rains in Egypt; centuries may elapse without more than a shower of drizzling mist moistening the surface of the soil. It is said that it has not rained in Egypt for 1700 years." A correspondent of the *Times* writes from Alexandria, Oct. 31, 1856, as follows: "Englishmen express their

astonishment at the heavy rains we have lately experienced, having come with the erroneous impression that it never rains in Egypt." Upon this it is naïvely asked—whether the rain which is referred to thus by the above correspondent is the first which has appeared in Egypt for 1700 years, or whether the great modern historian was in error when he wrote the passage above cited?

PURGENT.

The pilgrim o'er a desert wild
Should ne'er let want confound him,
For he at any time can eat;
The SAND-WICH is around him.

It might seem odd that he should find
Such palatable fare,
Did he not know the sons of HAM
Were BRED and MUSTERED there.

OLD Sir Giles never refused his daughter any thing now. He had always been an indulgent parent, but it seemed that of late years Grace had more than ever wound herself round his heart. The old Cavalier was getting sadly broke and altered of late. Day by day his frame became more bent and more attenuated, the eye that used to gleam so bright, was waxing dim and uncertain, the voice that had rang out so clear and cheerful above the tramp of squadrons and the din of battle, now shook and quivered with the slightest exertion, and the once muscular hand that used to close so vigorously upon sword and bridle-rein, had wasted down, thin, white, and fragile like a girl's. The spirit alone was unaltered—bold, resolute, and unyielding as of old, the stanch Cavalier drank the king's health as unshrinkingly every night as was his wont; only lacked opportunity to lead the king's troops into action as undauntedly as ever. Ay, although too feeble to sit upright in a saddle, he had waved them on to certain death from a sick man's litter. It is glorious to think how the spirit outlives the clay. But with Grace it seemed as if he could not be tender and gentle enough. Whether it was an instinctive feeling that his child was not happy, or an inward presentiment that they must soon take leave of each other in this world, something seemed to prompt him to lavish all the affection of his warm old heart on his darling, and bade him grant her all she asked, and anticipate her lightest wish while it was yet in his power. Thus it befell that to Grace's unexpected proposal, “Father, may I write in your name to bid General Effingham to the Hall?” he answered feebly in the affirmative, and the young lady found herself in consequence sitting down for the first time in her life to pen a formal letter to the parliamentary general.

Now this invitation, albeit unnatural and unexpected enough, scarcely did as much violence to Sir Giles' feelings as might have been supposed. Years before, at Oxford, he had imbibed a strong personal liking for George Effingham, and although the latter's desertion of his colors had been a grievous offence to the loyal old Cavalier, he could not but respect the successful and distinguished soldier, who had won such laurels on the side he had espoused too late; he could not forget that

he owed his life to Effingham on the fatal field of Naseby, nor could he be insensible to the many kindnesses conferred upon him and his by the general since he had entered upon his high command at Northampton. It was bitter, truly, thus to be beholden to a renegade, and a Roundhead to boot; but then the rebel, though a political enemy, was a personal friend, and it was doubtless pleasant to be exempt from the fines, penalties, domiciliary visits, and other inconveniences to which those Cavaliers were liable who were not so fortunate as to possess a protector on the winning side. So Sir Giles answered in the affirmative, though a little testily, considering it was Grace to whom he spoke.

“As thou wilt, wench, as thou wilt. Let him come and see the two poor old cripples, an' he choose. Vaux is abed, and I'm little better, but the time has been that he's ridden alongside of us in buff and steel, the renegade. 'Slife, he's seen us front and flanks and rear and all,” laughed the old knight, grimly, reverting to the defeats at Marston Moor and Naseby. “Let him come and have a look at us, now we're laid upon the shelf and he's got the sun his own side o' the hedge, with a murrain to it! But write him a civil cartel, Gracey, too, for we're beholden to the blackmuzzled varlet, Roundhead though he be.”

And thus it came to pass that Grace sat alone in the great hall at Boughton, with her color coming and going, and her heart beating a very quick march, the while George Effingham's orderly led his horse from the door, and the general himself walked into her presence, trembling in every limb, and in a state of nervous alarm sufficiently contemptible for a man who could face a battery without wincing. The usual ceremonious observances were gone through; Grace presented a cold cheek to her visitor's salute as she bade him welcome. And the latter dropped the hand extended to him as if it were some poisonous reptile, instead of the very treasure on earth for which he would have given every drop of blood in his body. They did not speak much of the weather, but according to the custom of the time, the gentleman made the most minute and circumstantial inquiries as to the state of health enjoyed by each separate member of her family, and the lady

answered categorically, and by rule. Then there was a dead silence, very awkward, very painful, apparently interminable. Grace began almost to wish he hadn't come.

She broke it at last with an effort.

"I have to thank you, General Effingham, for so promptly attending to my request. Were you not surprised to receive my letter?" she added, with an attempt to lapse into a more playful vein.

George muttered something unintelligible in reply. He was no carpet knight, our honest friend, and the last man on earth to help a lady either out of, or into, a difficulty.

She was obliged to go on unassisted. It was not so formidable as she fancied, now that the ice was broken, and she had recovered the alarm of hearing her own voice.

"I can count upon you as a friend, general," she said, one of her frank, cordial smiles lighting up the whole of her pretty face; "and I am about to put your friendship to the test. You can do me a kindness that will make me the happiest girl in the world—can I depend upon you? If you promise me, I *know* I can."

He colored with a swarthy glow of pleasure. This frank dealing accorded well with his honest, earnest nature.

"I am a plain soldier, Mistress Grace," he replied; "I would give my life to serve you, and you know it."

Grace's head began to turn. Now for it—she must plead with her lover to save one whom he could not but consider his rival, and perhaps the effort would cost the mediator all that makes life most valuable. Well, she was in deep water now, and must sink or swim. She struck out boldly at once.

"Do you know that your old comrade, Humphrey Bosville, is a prisoner in London, on a charge of high treason?"

He had not heard a word of it. He was grieved beyond measure. Bosville was so devoted, so persevering, had been so staunch to the royal cause, had been concerned in every plot and every scheme, had been pardoned once by the parliament. It would go hard with him this time—he was very, very sorry to hear of it.

"And that is exactly what I ask you to prevent," she broke in. "I have sent for you that I might implore you to save him. George Effingham, you are the only man alive that I would ask to do so much. Grant me my de-

sire as freely and frankly as I entreat it of you."

It was exactly the way to take him. Had she beat about the bush and *finessed* and coquetted with him, he would probably have refused her sternly, although such a refusal would have forbidden him ever to see her again. He would have set up some objection of duty or principle, and hardened himself to resistance, even against *her*; but he was not proof against this open-hearted, confiding, sisterly kind of treatment, and had she asked him to ride to London incontinently, and beard Cromwell to his face, he must have yielded on the spot. Where had Grace acquired her knowledge of human nature? Surely, it is by intuition that women thus readily detect and take advantage of our most assailable points. They need no Vauban to tell them that "a fortress is no stronger than its weakest part," but direct their attack unhesitatingly where the wall is lowest, and carry every thing before them by a *coup de main*.

George saw all the difficulties in his path plainly enough. He knew that to ask for his old comrade's life would subject him to much suspicion and misrepresentation on the part of his colleagues. Like all successful men, he had no lack of rivals, and now that the fighting was over, it had already begun to be whispered that the converted Cavalier was but a lukewarm partisan after all, nay, the fanatics averred that he was, alas, but "a whited sepulchre," and little better than a "Malignant" in his heart. Cromwell, indeed, whose religious enthusiasm was strongly dashed with political far-sightedness, knew his valor, and to Cromwell he trusted; but he could not conceal from himself that he was about to stake on one throw the whole of that influence and position he had so ardently coveted, and which it had cost him such strenuous and unceasing efforts to attain.

But George's was a generous nature, and the instant he had determined to make this sacrifice for the woman he loved, he had resolved that she should be the last person to learn its value and importance.

"Is it to save my old friend's life, Mistress Grace," he said, "that you think it necessary thus to entreat me? I should indeed be grateful to *you* for informing me of his danger. I will lose no time in making every exertion on his behalf, ay, even should I

have to give my life for his. I only wish you had proposed to me some more unwelcome task, that I might have shown you how ready I am to comply with your every wish."

He spoke with a playful, for him, even with a courtly, air. He marked the glistening eye and the flush of pleasure with which she listened, nor did he wince for a moment, and though his lip trembled a little, the brave face was as firm as marble.

Did he think he could blind her? Could he believe she did not calculate his danger, and appreciate his unselfishness? Did he not feel how her woman-nature must respond to a generosity so akin to its own? If ever you would win her, George Effingham, open your arms now, and take her to your heart!

The tears were coming to his eyes, but he drove them back with a strong effort, as, seeing she was too much moved to speak, he proceeded—

"I will bring him back to you without a hair of his head being harmed, Mistress Grace. Perhaps in happier days you will both think kindly of the renegade Cavalier."

She put her hand in his, smiling sweetly through her tears.

"Do this," she murmured, "and ask me what you will in recompense."

He was too proud to understand her.

"There is not a moment to be lost," he said; "make my excuses to Sir Giles and good Lord Vaux, that I must take my leave without waiting on them. Farewell, Mistress Grace; fear not. Farewell!"

Without another word, without even touching her hand, he made a profound obeisance and left the room.

Grace's knees were knocking together, and she shook in every limb. She sank into Sir Giles' huge arm-chair, and there she sat and pondered the momentous question that some day or another presents itself to every woman's heart. "How noble," thought Grace, "how generous, how chivalrous, and how good! Never to show that he was conferring a kindness, never to place me under the sense of an obligation; and all the time he is willing to give up his fame and his command and his position; nay, a dearer, fonder future still, and for my sake." Grace blushed up to her temples though she was alone. "This indeed is true affection—the affection I have heard of and dreamt of; that I never

thought any one would be found to feel for me. For me!—what am I that that brave, determined, goodly man should thus be at the disposal of my lightest word?" Grace went to the end of the hall, peeped in the glass, and sat down again, apparently a little more satisfied and composed. "If their positions were reversed, would Humphrey have acted so? I trow not. Has he the firmness and the energy and the strength of mind of this one? Oh! why did I not love George Effingham instead? Stay! do I not love him now? Shame, shame!—and I almost told him so. And perhaps he sees how wavering and unworthy I am, and despises me after all." Grace sat back in her chair, in a most unenviable frame of mind—provoked with the past, impatient of the present, and undecided as to the future. George stepped calmly along the terrace, with the sad composure of a man who has nothing more to fear on earth. He had long known it must come to this at last; had long anticipated the moment when the frail cobwebs of self-deception which weave themselves insensibly around the human heart must be swept away in a breath; when the vain imitation of Hope that had beguiled its loneliness must be surrendered once for all; and he accepted his lot with a proud, quiet resignation. At least he would make her happy, ay, though it cost him every treasure he had in the world; and when he could bear it he would see her again, and in her welfare should be his reward.

The rustle of a lady's dress behind him caused him to start and stop. Could she have followed him for one more last word? Could his self-sacrifice have touched and softened her? No; as he turned his head it was Mary Cave that hurried up to him with trembling steps, and accosted him in the faltering accents of extreme anxiety and distress.

She was so altered he hardly knew her. She, whose manner used to be so composed and queenly, dashed it may be with a little too much self-confidence and assumption, was now nervous and pre-occupied; apparently humbled in her own estimation, and abrupt, almost incoherent, in her address. She had lost her rich color, too, and there were lines on the brow he remembered so smooth and fair; while the soft blue eyes that formerly laughed and sparkled, and softened all at

once, had grown fixed and dilated, even fierce in their expression of defiance and endurance.

"One word with you, General Effingham," she said, without waiting to go through any of the common forms of salutation; "have you seen Mistress Allonby?"

He answered in the affirmative with a bow. She seemed to know it, for she scarcely waited for a reply.

"You have heard it all," she hurried on, speaking very fast and energetically, with a certain action of the hand and wrist that was habitual to her, but never (and this was so unlike her), never looking her companion in the face. "Grace has made no subterfuge, no concealment; she has told you every thing—every thing? And you are going to London immediately?—this very day? You will not lose an instant? He will be saved, Effingham—don't you think he will?"

"I shall be on the road before the sun goes down," he replied courteously, affecting to ignore her agitation; "I have already promised Mistress Allonby that I will leave no stone unturned to save Humphrey Bosville. I think I can answer for his life being spared."

She could not help it; she burst into tears. Alas! they came easier every time, and she had so often cause to weep now! But it relieved her, and after this display of weakness she relapsed into something of her old air of composure and superiority.

"He is a very dear friend," she said, the color gradually stealing over her pale face; "a very dear friend to us all. You will command Grace's eternal gratitude, and Sir Giles' and Lord Vaux's—and mine."

He was only too happy to serve them, he said; and he, too, valued Humphrey as much as any of them—so brave, so kindly; above all, so gentle and true-hearted!

"Hush!" she stopped him, quite eagerly, the while she laid her hand in his with a frank cordial pressure, but her face worked as though she would fain burst out crying once more. "There is not a moment to lose; I must detain you no longer. There is one thing more I had to say. You will see him; you will tell him how anxious we have all been for him, and you will give him this packet yourself," she drew it from her bosom as she spoke, "and you will entrust it to no hand but his own. It is only a matter of—of—

business," she faltered out, "but I wish it to arrive safe at its destination. Thank you—God bless you!"

She would not have been a woman had she not reserved this one little bit of concealment. Effingham must not know, no one must ever know, how she had loved Humphrey Bosville. The packet was but a matter of *business*—business, forsooth!—exchange and barter, and dead loss and utter bankruptcy; but none must fathom it. They are all alike; reeling from a death-blow they can find a moment to dispose their draperies decently, nay, even tastefully, around them. And whilst on the subject of drapery we may remark, that even in the deepest affliction they preserve no slight regard to the amenities of dress. Though Mary's heart was breaking, her robe was not disordered, neither was her hair out of curl.

As Effingham ordered out his horses and betook himself to the saddle, he little thought how he had created so deep an interest in the two gentle hearts he had left behind him. Grace was already studiously comparing him with a previous idol, a comparison which generally argues the dethronement of the prior image from its pedestal in the female breast; and Mary, of all people, could most thoroughly enter into his feelings, pity his loneliness, and appreciate his self-sacrifice.

Humphrey's case was indeed one of extreme peril. Heavily manacled, and committed to Newgate like a common malefactor, his only prospect of release was when he should be brought before the parliament and placed on trial for his life. Scant mercy, too, could he expect from that conscientious assemblage. A confirmed Malignant, a brave and zealous officer, an adherent of the queen; lastly—setting at naught his previous pardon—an emissary from the French court to the imprisoned king, nothing was wanting to prove him guilty of high treason against the majesty of the Commons House of Parliament by law assembled,—nothing but an extraordinary reversal of the usual sentence could prevent his paying the extreme penalty attached to that heinous offence.

In vain he pleaded the innocence of the letters with which he was charged; in vain he urged that they contained a simple application to his majesty from the prince, his son, for permission to accompany the Duke of Orleans to the wars. In vain he pleaded his

own position as a mere domestic functionary attached to the person of the queen. His well-known character for loyalty and reckless daring, accompanied by his steady refusal to sign his name to a written statement embodying the above explanations, utterly nullified all that could be said in his defence, and left him nothing to anticipate but an adverse verdict, a short shrift, and a speedy end.

It was evident, however, that some strong influence was at work below the surface in favor of the Royalist prisoner. Powerful debaters in the House of Commons itself urged the policy of clemency, and the antecedents of the culprit, as arguments for a mitigated sentence, if not a free acquittal. Shrewd lawyers reserved points of law in his behalf. One eminent patriot boldly expressed his admiration of such devoted constancy even in an enemy; and although the case was too clear to admit of doubt, and Lenthall (the Mr. Speaker of his day) was compelled to do his duty and commit the prisoner for trial on the capital charge, he was not even then abandoned by friends, who must indeed have felt *themselves* secure to make such exertions in his behalf.

On his return to Newgate from Westminster, the coach in which he sat was curiously enough upset. Two of his guards appeared strangely stupefied, a third was drunk, and the fourth, slipping a note into his hand, bade him run for his life the while he extricated the horses and rated the driver soundly for their misfortune. Perhaps Humphrey was not so surprised as he might have been, had he not previously held an interview with Eff-

ingham in his prison, whose writing he recognized in the slip of paper in his hand. Its contents were short and pithy:—

“Keep quiet and in hiding,” it said, “for a few months. You will be purposely overlooked, but remain where you are not known; and above all—keep still.”

There was no signature, but Humphrey wisely tore it into shreds as he made his escape through the increasing darkness.

And now Effingham was anticipating his reward. As he journeyed rapidly back to Northampton, riding post and urging the good horses beneath him to their swiftest pace, he was thinking of Grace's grateful smile when he should assure her that her lover had been saved by his exertions; and his own gratification, in which indeed there was no inconsiderable leavening of pain, at her delight.

He was to see her just *once* again—that once which, contrary to all the rules of arithmetic, is multiplied by itself into so many, many times—to witness her happiness with his own eyes, and feel that henceforth he was never so much as to think of her again. For this he had worked and fawned, enjined and promised, intrigued and threatened; done constant violence to his stern, true nature, and lost that position with his party which it had once cost him so much to attain. And for this he would have done as much and twice as much again, because, you see, he was going to have his reward.

How even this consolation was denied him, we must detail in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—“WELCOME HOME.”

THERE was hurrying to and fro in the old house at Boughton; a hushed confusion seemed to pervade the establishment, and though the servants rushed here and there in aimless anxiety, every thing was done as noiselessly as possible, and they did not even venture to express in words that which their scared faces and white lips told only too well.

Horses had been saddled hastily, and ridden off at speed in search of medical assistance. With the strange piteous earnestness to do *something* which pervades us helpless mortals when we feel that *nothing* can avail, mounted messengers had been despatched in needless repetition. There was little to be

done but to wait for the leech and summon fortitude to endure his confirmation of their worst fears. The sick man said himself there was no hope. He seemed less affected than any in the household by the recent catastrophe.

Sir Giles was down under a mortal stroke. He preserved his senses and his speech; the rest of the man was a mere helpless shell; but his mind was as vigorous as ever, and the old knight's courage had not given way even now,—no, not an inch.

He had often looked on Death before, had fronted him in the field, spurring his good horse against him, with a jest on his lips and

told him that he feared him not, to his face. He had seen all he loved best on earth fast in the skeleton's embrace, and he had not quailed even then. Would he shrink from him now; Psha! let him do his worst.

We have said it before, and we say it again, that the mind which has never prepared itself for the great change, is usually incapable of doing so when that change is actually present. Far be it from us to aver that it is ever too late whilst there is life; we only remark that it seems ill-advised to make no preparation for a long, what if it be an endless, journey? till the foot is actually in the stirrup.

Grace was weeping by his bedside, her hand in his, her face turned from him to hide the big drops that coursed each other down her cheeks. Poor Gracey! Many a true friend loves you well, many a heart leaps to the glance of your kind eyes, and warms to your gentle voice; but where will you find an affection so constant, so unwavering, so regardless of self, so patient of ingratitude, as his who lies gasping there on his death-bed? Where will you find another love that shall be always willing to give every thing and receive nothing? that shall pour on you its unceasing stores of care and tenderness, nor ask even for a word of thanks in return?

"I've been a kind old father to thee, lass," said the dying man, "and thou'st been a rare daughter to me; but I must leave thee now."

What could Grace do but bow her head down upon the poor thin hand she held, and weep as if her heart would break?

He folded the pretty head to his bosom as he used to do when she was a little child, stroking the hair down, and fondling and consoling her.

"Don't ye cry so, my darling," said the old warrior. "What! Gracey, little woman, cheer up! 'tis not for long, lass, not for long."

She seemed to be the dying one of the two. She lay motionless, her head buried in his breast. She was praying for him to his Father and hers.

He was still for a time. Conscious of his failing powers, he was gathering himself, as it were, for an effort. When he spoke again she looked up astonished at his strength of voice.

"Is Mary here," he asked; "Mary Cave?—bid her come round here. God bless thee, Mistress Mary."

She had been sitting afar off at the window, quietly waiting, as was her custom, till she could be of use. She came to the bedside now, and put her arm round Grace, and looked down upon the helpless knight with a calm, sad face. The greater grief absorbs the less, and constant pain will make callous the most sensitive nature. Poor Mary! two short years ago she would hardly have stood so composed and statue-like at good Sir Giles' death-bed.

"Care for her, sweet Mistress Mary," he resumed, with something of his old energy of voice and manner; "take charge of my pretty one when I am gone. I thought sometime to see her married to yon good lad, him that rode the sorrel horse so fairly—my memory fails me now, I think—how call you him? Ay, I thought to have seen her married and all; but she's young, very young yet. I am failing fast, Mistress Mary; don't ye speak to Gracey about it; she loves her old father, and it might disturb the child; but I'm not for long here. I know not if my senses may be spared me. I must speak out whilst I can. Gracey, are you there? Where is Gracey?"

She was close to him still, pressing her wet cheek to his.

"Here, father," she whispered, "dear father;" and her voice seemed to revive him for the time.

"Mary will take care of thee, my little lass," he said, feebly stretching his hand to hers, and trying to place it in that of her friend. "Thou wilt not leave her, Mary; never leave her till she's married to some good man—not a rebel, Gracey, never a rebel, for the old father's sake. I loved that bold lad well; why doth he never come to see us now? Kiss me, Gracey. I shall see thee again, my child. God forgive my sins! I have never sinned by thee. I shall see thee again, and thy mother too. God bless thee, Gracey!"

He sank into a stupor. The leech had not arrived yet. Something told their hearts that all the leechcraft on earth would be of no avail, and the two women sat noiselessly weeping in the silence of the death-chamber.

He spoke again after a while; but his eyes shone with a strange brightness, and the indescribable change was on him—the change which we cannot but instinctively acknowledge, and which pervades the dying, like a

gleam of pale light from the land beyond the grave.

He spoke of the old times now. Anon, he was charging once more at the head of his brigade on Naseby field; the tramp of squadrons and the rattle of small arms were in his ears, and Effingham's steel-headed pikes lowered grimly in his front. Alas! the battle shout was but a hoarse laboring whisper, yet the two pale listeners could recognize the tactics of an action and the stirring old war-cry, "God and Queen Mary! For the king! for the king!"

Then he prayed for his sovereign, fervently, loyally, prayed that he might recover his power and his throne, intermingling short, pithy phrases from the ritual of his church, and expressing himself proud, happy, privileged, that he might die for his king.

Yet a thread of consciousness seemed to run through these fitful wanderings of departing reason. It was pitiful to hear him urge on his fancied retainers to ease his saddle and curb his good horse tighter, as he flew his hawk once more in the green meadows under the summer sky.

"He was getting infirm," he said, "and the days were long at this time of year; but it was evening at last, and he was glad, for he was tired, very tired. It would be dark before they got home. It was very dark even now."

There was a dead silence. The startled women thought he was gone; but he breathed yet, though very faintly, and with parted lips. His eyes were closed, but he was wandering still. He called to his hawk, his horse, and his hounds. He must see Gracey, too, he said, "before he took his boots off." "She was very little, surely, very little to run alone," and he spoke fondly and tenderly to another Grace—a Grace that had been treasured up many a long year in the depths of his stout old heart, a Grace that would almost wearily expect him, even in heaven—that was surely waiting for him now on the other side.

He opened his eyes once more, but they rolled aimlessly around, fixing themselves at last feebly upon his daughter. Grace felt to her heart's core that his last look was one of consciousness upon *her*—that he knew *her* even while that look was glazing into death—that the "God bless thee, Gracey," which he gasped out with his last breath, was the

same old fond familiar farewell with which he was always used to depart upon a journey.

So he went upon his way, and surely, when he reached the promised land he found a fond face there, waiting to welcome him home.

Ere the surgeon arrived in hot haste, there was nothing left on earth of the stout old Cavalier but a goodly war-worn frame, a fixed marble face, smooth and placid, renovated, as it were, to the sculptured beauty of its prime. He shook his head as he acknowledged himself to be too late, and left the mourners to the sacred indulgence of their grief. Grace Allonby wept in her friend's arms, clinging to her in her distress with the helpless abandonment of a child, and Mary, roused from her own sorrows by the necessity for exertion, soothed her gently and pitifully like a mother. Lord Vaux was by this time a helpless invalid, and both women felt they had at last lost their only protector, as well as their best and kindest friend.

"You must never leave me, Mary," sobbed out Grace again and again, as a fresh burst of grief broke wildly forth, "never leave me now, for I have but you in the world."

It was a goodly funeral with which they did honor to the brave old Cavalier. Many a stout yeoman came from far and near to see him laid in his last resting-place, and told, not without pride, as he quaffed the ale which ever flowed freely on such occasions, how he had charged to the old knight's battle-cry at Naseby, or followed him through serried columns and levelled pikes at Edge-hill or Roundway-down. Not a brave heart within three counties but when he heard of Sir Giles' death said, "God rest him! he was a bold one." The king himself, the harassed care-worn Charles, wrote a letter of condolence with his own royal hand to the daughter of his faithful servant; and Prince Rupert, pinning in exile, vowed that "the last of the real old Cavaliers was buried with Sir Giles."

But better than troopers' admiration, prince's approval, and king's autograph, there was more than one poor friendless widow that came with her orphans in her hand, whilst the turf was fresh and ere the stone was up, to weep over the grave of her kind friend and benefactor. Epitaphs may lie, monuments may crumble, deeds of arms and mortal fame may pass away, but the tears of the widow and the fatherless are treasured up as a lasting memorial in a certain stronghold, where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor do thieves break through and steal."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. — "WESTMINSTER HALL."

"WRAP thy cloak well round thee, Grace; the wind strikes chill to the very marrow." It was Mary Cave who spoke, and suiting the action to the word, drew with a tender hand the folds of a large dark mantle round the form of her companion.

Grace shivered from head to foot, her teeth chattered, and she tottered as she walked, supported by her friend, who, faithful to the trust he left her, seemed to take a maternal charge of Sir Giles' orphan daughter.

"I never thought they would have dared to do it," observed Mary, pursuing the train of her own reflections, "but it has come at last. He was brought from Windsor last night. I saw him myself by torchlight as he descended from the coach—so altered, Grace, so altered, in a short eighteen months."

The expression of Grace's countenance was as that of one who sees some horrible deed of sacrilege committed, which the witness is powerless to prevent. She hurried on nervously, and without answering a word.

More than a year had elapsed since the events recorded in the preceding chapter—a year of trouble and anxiety to the nation—a year of sorrow and seclusion to these two hapless mourners. Lord Vaux, whose failing health had long been a subject for alarm, seemed utterly unable to recover the shock occasioned by his old friend's death. His kinswomen had brought him to the capital in search of the best medical assistance, and the two Royalist ladies were naturally anxious to be near the centre of those desperate measures which agitated the politics of the day. A powerful hand, too, seemed to protect this Malignant family. They came and went unquestioned where they would, and were free from the annoyances to which so many of their friends were subjected. It is possible that Grace may have been able to guess the shield which thus guarded her; but if so, gratitude did but add another painful ingredient to the total of her sufferings. Her father's kind old face was ever before her eyes as she saw it last, and the dying whisper, "not a rebel, Grace; never a rebel, for the old father's sake!" seemed to ring in her ears day and night.

She shivered again as she drew the dark, heavy folds tight around her: it was so cold—so bitter cold.

A keen, black frost, very different from his

gladsome brother who comes sparkling down upon us, his stiff, crisp raiment glittering with diamonds in the sunshine, bound the shrinking earth in a churlish embrace. A cutting north-easter, sweeping over her surface in fitful gusts, whirled up clouds of dust that stung and irritated the unprotected face like pin-points, and a dull, leaden sky, against which the leafless trees of the Mall seemed to wave their skeleton branches as it were in mockery, lowered over all. London wore her blackest, her most forbidding look, and the pinnacles and spires of proud old Westminster frowned hard and threatening in the dense cold atmosphere.

Yet people were standing about in groups, some talking in whispers with suppressed though eager gestures; others waiting patiently, as if for some show or pageant. As is usual in a crowd, the women slightly predominated, yet was there but little sarcastic questioning and shrill reply, while the gambols of the London urchin—a race never on any public occasion to be sought in vain—failed to excite more than a transient smile in the grave and pre-occupied multitude.

As Mary and Grace passed rapidly on they heard many an ominous whisper and broken phrase respecting the great event which was thus collecting the agitated citizens. Strange, improbable rumors flew from lip to lip; hints of impossible combinations and contradictory circumstances obtained implicit credence. Here a sedate-looking personage assured his auditors that "his majesty was never firmer on the throne; that he was coming in state to Westminster to open his faithful parliament in person; that the lords at Windsor, the greatest personages in the kingdom, served him daily on their knees; and that he knew this to be a fact, he who now spoke to them at the present time, for his sister's son, a gardener by trade, had the king's own commands for the sowing of certain Spanish melons at Wimbledon. And is it likely," added the orator, looking up to the gloomy sky, "that his majesty would be sowing melons, especially Spanish ones, and in this weather too, unless he felt confident of seeing them ripen?" "God bless him," he would have added, but he caught the scowl of a wild fanatical-looking personage glaring so fiercely at him that the words died upon his lips.

Then a little, dirty man, a cobbler by trade,

something of a demagogue by profession, and a drunkard by choice, gave it as his own opinion, with much unnecessary circumlocution, that "Charles," as he called him, was about to place himself unreservedly in the hands of his parliament. "Do we not know"—said the little man, brandishing aloft a pair of much-begrimed hands, and steadying his whole person by fixing his lacklustre eye on a quiet individual in the crowd, who thus found himself, much to his annoyance, an object of considerable interest—"do we not know that the people, under God, are the original of all just power; that the Commons, chosen by and representing *us*" the little man smote his shabby breast violently with his dirty hands, "are the fountain of all power and authority, so that what the Commons declare law is law and nothing *but* law? and all the people of this nation are concluded thereby, although the consent and concurrence of the king and the House of Peers be not had thereunto!"

The little man had got the last clause of the parliament's proclamation carefully by rote, and used the same for his peroration with considerable skill, much to the delight of his auditors, who very generally expressed themselves satisfied with the soundness of his reasoning and the correctness of his principles.

But still, amongst all the conflicting reports alluded to, all the different opinions expressed by this motley assemblage, not a whisper was breathed as to the dreadful event which was really impending, not a suspicion seemed to exist even amongst the strongest partisans of the parliament, that the people of England would exact the penalty of a king's blood.

It was only the well educated and the far-seeing—those, in fact, who might be said to be behind the scenes—that could anticipate the worst; those who knew that the Commons had declared themselves independent of the Lords, that a commission had already been nominated for the trial of Charles Stuart on the charge of high treason, and that out of the hundred and thirty-five members appointed, scarce eighty consented to act, might indeed acknowledge the signs of the coming storm—the blast that was so soon to level the loftiest head in England with the dust.

As the hour of noon approached the crowd thickened considerably, and as it drew into

its vortex more and more of the lowest rabble, the feeling against the king seemed to gain greater strength. Coach after coach rolled by, bearing the magnates of the country to the important scene in Westminster Hall, and as these were mostly well known to the populace, it might be remarked that such as were suspected even of a leaning towards royalty were assailed with groans and execrations, sometimes even with missiles of a more injurious nature, whilst those whose levelling principles were beyond doubt received a perfect ovation of cheers and congratulations, sometimes ridiculously personal, but always intended to be complimentary in the highest degree.

Amongst the rest one equipage in particular aroused a perfect tumult of applause: it was the coach of General Fairfax, containing his lady, seated alone in all the pomp of her native dignity and her robes of state. Like every successful man for the moment, Fairfax was at that period an immense favorite with the mob, and they clustered round the carriage that conveyed his wife with coarse and boisterous expressions of good-will. The face inside was a study of strong, suppressed feeling. Sitting there in the majesty of her beauty, she could scarce restrain the overpowering sentiments of hatred and contempt with which she regarded those who now surrounded her with such demonstrations of affection. The blood of the Veres boiled within her as she thought of her husband's forfeited loyalty, and the scene from which she had persuaded him to be absent, but to which she was herself hurrying. Her face turned red and white by turns, she bit her lip and clenched her hand as she bid her coachman lash his horses recklessly and drive on. Like the proud Tarquin's prouder wife, she would scarce have stopped had a human being been down beneath her feet.

Jostled by the crowd, notwithstanding her haughty step and imperious gestures, Mary could scarce make her way, and Grace's visible agitation increasing more and more, rendered her position one of peculiar annoyance and discomfort.

They narrowly escaped being run over by the rapidly approaching carriage, but as it passed so close that its wheels brushed Mary's garments, a well-known face appeared at the window, a familiar voice she had not heard for

many a year called to the coachman to stop, and Lady Fairfax bade them enter and come with her, in her usual accents of command.

"Mary Cave! I thought it was you," she exclaimed. "What are you doing amongst this *canaille*? Jump in, and your friend, too. Let us see the end of this shameful business in Westminster Hall."

The unconscious *canaille* gave her ladyship and friends three hearty cheers as they drove off.

Under such protection as that of Lady Fairfax, with whom Mary had been intimate in girlhood's brighter days, the two ladies found no difficulty in obtaining access to the hall.

Seats had been apportioned, and what were even then termed "boxes," partitioned off for the wives and families of the chief actors to witness the proceedings, and one of the principal of these had been reserved for the lady of the powerful parliamentary general.

It was an awful and a solemn scene which burst upon the sight of our two devoted Loyalists as they entered. The king's trial was about to commence, and already had the commissioners taken their seats, with more than the usual pomp of form and ceremony. The stern and able Bradshaw, he whose sense of duty has earned him an unenviable immortality under the title of "The Regicide," stood erect as president supported by his assessors, Lisle and Say, skilful lawyers both, and bold, uncompromising men.

All heads were turned, all eyes directed towards the bar, at which was set a velvet chair of state. This inanimate object seemed to excite universal interest. It was to receive the royal prisoner, but it was still empty.

Anon the vague murmur that pervades all large assemblies increased audibly, and a certain stir was apparent at the far end of the hall; then succeeded the deep hush of intense expectation, and many a heart heard nothing but its own thick beating as it strained for a forward glimpse of but a few hours.

A sedan chair was carried slowly up the hall; many uncovered as it passed them; one or two voices were even heard to murmur a blessing. But that chair contained Charles Stuart, and his judges sat doggedly with their hats on, neither rising nor showing the slightest mark of respect to their unfortunate sovereign.

When the king reached the bar he slighted,

and without removing his hat, seated himself at once in the chair appointed for him; but presently rising again, looked sternly about him, at the president, at the court, at the people in the galleries; his nerve was as unshaken as it had ever been in the presence of physical danger. He was at bay now, and he was every inch a king.

But he was altered, sadly altered too. Mary's heart sank within her as she traced the furrows that suffering and anxiety had ploughed in those royal lineaments, for which she had all her life been taught to cherish an affectionate veneration. His well-knit figure was firm and upright as ever; nor were his locks, though slightly tinged with gray, much thinner than of old; but his features were sharpened, and his eyes hollowed, as if he had been suffering acute physical pain; while the doomed expression that had always been the chief characteristic of his face, had deepened to an intensity of melancholy that it was piteous to look upon.

When Bradshaw spoke, however, his features hardened into defiance once more.

Silence was proclaimed, and a whisper might have been heard from one end to the other of that vast hall. Then the clerk, in a sonorous and business-like voice, read over the ordinance for the king's trial, a formal document, couched in terms of legal obscurity. When this ceremony was concluded, the list of commissioners was called over by the same functionary, those present answering to their names.

"John Bradshaw!"

"Here," replied the president, in a loud, undaunted voice, looking sternly at the king, who returned his glance with a haughty and contemptuous frown.

"Thomas Fairfax!"

There was no response. A stir pervaded the hall as men turned and stared and whispered to their neighbors with eager, anxious faces.

Again the clerk called in a loud voice, "Thomas Fairfax!"

"He has more wit than to be here," was answered in distinct, confident tones; but though Bradshaw bent his brows in anger, and the commissioners made hasty inquiries, and gave peremptory orders to their officials to secure the offender, it was not easy in the increasing confusion, to ascertain whence the bold reply had come.

It originated, however, a murmur and a disturbance which it took some minutes to quell. Signs of disapprobation were swamped by a strong inclination to applaud; and it was evident that a powerful feeling in favor of the royal prisoner existed even in the very court in which he was to be tried.

The impeachment was then read over, accusing the monarch of "designs to erect to himself an illimited and tyrannical power, to overthrow the rights and liberties of the people; of high treason in respect of the levying war against the present parliament, and the people therein represented;" as denoted by his appearance at York and Beverley with a guard; by the setting up of the standard at Nottingham; by the battle of Edgehill; and so on in order enumerating the different battles at which the king had been present. The document then went on to say, that he had caused the death of thousands of free-born people; that after his forces had been defeated, and himself made prisoner, he had stirred up insurrection in the country, and given a commission to the prince, his son, to raise a new war against the parliament; and that "as he was the author and contriver of these unnatural, cruel, and bloody wars, so was he therein guilty of all the treasons, murders, rapines, burnings, spoils, desolation, damage, and mischief to the nation which had been committed in the said wars, or been occasioned thereby; and that he was therefore impeached for the said treasons and crimes, as a tyrant, traitor, and murderer, and a public implacable enemy to the commonwealth, on behalf of the good people of England."

The king had sat perfectly silent and composed during the reading of the above strangely worded impeachment, save that at the terms "tyrant and traitor" as applied to himself, he had smiled contemptuously in the faces of the court. He raised his head, however, as the clerk paused to take breath after enunciating the last paragraph, and seemed about to make some objection or remark, but was arrested in the act, for the same female voice that had already interrupted the proceedings of the court, now rose once more, distinct and forcible through the hush of the attentive audience.

"The good people of England!" it exclaimed, in clear mocking tones. "No! nor one hundredth part of them!"

Great was the disturbance that ensued; several members rose hurriedly from their seats, and a tumultuous rush in the body of the hall added to the general confusion. Some even thought a rescue was impending; and a few of the more timorous were already glancing about for a speedy egress. Colonel Hacker, who commanded the guard of musketeers, and to whom was confided the custody of the king's person, gave orders to fire into the box whence these sounds of disapproval had arisen; and the stern soldiers had already levelled their muskets to obey this unmilitary command. Lady Fairfax rose undauntedly and faced their muzzles with a bold, imperious brow. Mary, too, rushed to the front to share the danger of her friend. Grace, trembling and weeping, shrank behind them, half paralyzed with fear. For a few moments all was breathless confusion; but a voice, that even in her terror the frightened girl recognized only too plainly, was heard to exclaim in loud, reproving tones, "Shame! shame! Recover your arms! Cowards! would you fire upon your countrywomen?" and George Effingham, in his uniform as a general of the parliament, struck up the barrels of the muskets, and threatened to put Hacker under immediate arrest.

An usher of the court, however, came round to the box occupied by Lady Fairfax, and endeavored to prevail upon her to withdraw. It was only under a promise that she would remain tranquil, extorted from her by the entreaties of her companions, that she was permitted to remain. With clenched hands and angry brow she sat out the remainder of the proceedings.

When order was once more restored, Mr. Cook, the attorney-general, being about to speak, the king laid the long amber-headed cane which he usually carried, upon his shoulder, and bade him "hold;" but the lord president requiring him to proceed, his majesty folded his arms, and bending his brows fixedly upon him, listened attentively to a summary of the charges against him, which was now repeated.

His majesty then required to know by what authority he was brought hither.

"I have," said Charles, "a trust committed to me by God by old and lawful descent; I will not betray it to answer to a new unlawful authority, therefore, resolve me that, and you shall hear more of me."

"Sir," replied the president, "you are required to answer these charges in the name of the people of England, of whom you are the elected king."

"I deny that," interrupted the indignant monarch. "England has been no elective kingdom, but a hereditary monarchy for near a thousand years. I dispute your authority. I do stand more for the liberty of my people than any here that come to be my pretended judges."

Bradshaw in an insolent tone bade him interrogate the court with becoming deference and humility.

His pride aroused, his royal dignity insulted, Charles lost his assumed calmness and that presence of mind for which he was not always too conspicuous. With intemperate voice and gesture, he inveighed against the injustice of the proceedings, calling on Divine Providence, in no measured language, to avenge him of his enemies, and right him in the face of the whole world. Whilst thus declaiming, the amber-head of his staff fell off, and this little incident, ominous as it might have appeared to a superstitious mind, served to change the current of his ideas, and to moderate the violence of his deportment.

Mary's loyal heart swelled with indignation as, sitting unobserved behind Lady Fairfax, she could not but remark how no obedient courtiers pressed to pick it up—how the king, with a gesture of patient surprise, was fain to stoop for it himself, and as though reminded by the very act of the friendlessness of his position, and the necessity for resignation, rose once more with the calm brow and the air of quiet long-suffering that had become habitual to that careworn face.

But Mary, too, with all her Cavalier enthusiasm and exaggerated sentiments of the devotion due to her sovereign, had other matters to occupy her wandering thoughts, other causes for agitation and excitement, apart from the great political tragedy of which she was then and there witnessing the first act. Each one of us lives an inner as well as an outer existence. How curious would it have been to have analyzed the thoughts of the different individuals who thronged that spacious hall! Met there for a common object, and that an object of vital importance, not only to the destinies of their country, but to the personal safety of the lieges, how many minds amongst them were bent, to the exclu-

sion of all other images, solely on the affair in hand? How many even of the judges but had a large share of their attention pre-occupied by matters solely personal and interesting to themselves—by a farm far off in Lincolnshire, a wife sickening at Bath, a child unhappily married in Scotland; nay, even by such trifling annoyance as domestic difficulties with a servant, or the lameness of a favorite horse? How many but had some overpowering interest at heart, to which the justice of the trial and the guilt or innocence of the royal prisoner was a mere gossamer, and who could scarce withdraw their minds for a few minutes at a time from the one engrossing object, to bend them on the paramount duty they had sworn to fulfil. What was Charles' condemnation or acquittal, to the idol each had privately raised up and worshipped, as men worship false idols alone? The schemes of selfish aggrandizement, the acquisition of wealth, the fascinating temptations of intrigue, or the thrilling satisfaction of revenge? Even Lady Fairfax, wrathful and defiant as she was, pitying with a woman's pity the innocent victim, and chafing with a woman's indignation, at the palpable injustice, could not forbear a glance into the possible future, when that royal prisoner should be no longer the first personage in England, could not keep back a swell of pride as she bethought her of one who had no slight prospect of assuming the reins of power, who *might* rise from a parliamentary general (as his comrade really did) to be a parliamentary dictator; and how for such an one she was herself no unworthy mate.

And Mary, too, no longer bent her whole attention on that velvet chair and its hapless occupant. In glancing wearily round the hall, searching, as it were, for a friendly face on which to rest, her eye had caught a glimpse of a countenance that reminded her—oh! so painfully—of one which even now to think of brought the blood to her cheek, and left it paler than before. Yes, though lost again instantaneously in the crowd, there was a face somewhere, she was sure of it, that resembled *his*. That it was himself, of course, was impossible. He was in strict hiding, no doubt, and probably had taken refuge on the continent; at all events, the last place in the world to which even *his* recklessness would bring him was the very stronghold of his enemies in Westminster Hall. But weak,

childish, humiliating as it was, there would be something gratifying, something of a strange indefinable pleasure, mixed with pain, in looking once more on lineaments which could recall those that all the schooling in the world had not taught her to forget; so her eyes wandered over the hall, and refused to rest until they had found that which they desired. A momentary stir amongst the group immediately surrounding the sovereign exposed the object of her search once more. It was but one of the musketeers who formed the escort, after all, that had so reminded her for an instant of one now lost to her forever, and on regarding him attentively, though there was something in the air and figure that resembled Humphrey Bosville, the color and complexion were so totally different from those of the proscribed Cavalier, that the resemblance became every moment more indistinct, and Mary smiled to herself, a faint, heart-sick smile, as she thought how harmless in its utter hopelessness was folly such as hers.

But it beguiled her mind from the afflicting present, it led her fancy wandering away through the enamelled meadows and by the golden streams of that fairy land in which it

is so dangerous to linger, and it was with a start of returning consciousness and the confused sensations of one awaking from a deep slumber, that she was aware of the general stir created by the departure of the prisoner from the hall.

The proceedings had terminated for the day. Charles, after vainly protesting against the authority of his judges, had relapsed into the quiet dignified bearing of one who, while he feels the injustice to which he is subjected, resolves bravely and patiently to sustain his fate. As he was conducted down the hall, loud expressions of loyalty greeted him from many an unknown and unsuspected partisan even amongst those therein assembled, although a strong majority of his enemies strove to drown these ebullitions by violent cries for "justice."

When the king passed the sword of state, placed conspicuously in the sight of the whole assemblage, he manned himself with an air of dignity, and facing the court, pointed to the emblem of death, while he exclaimed in a loud, firm tone, "I do not fear that!"

It was no empty boast. How little Charles Stuart feared the extreme moment from which poor human nature instinctively recoils, proved nobly and resignedly on the scaffold.

FAREWELL TO LIFE.

Lines written by Körner, when he lay dangerously wounded and helpless, in a forest, expecting to die.

TRANSLATED BY DR. FOLLEN.

THIS smarting wound,—these lips so pale and chill!—

My heart, with faint and fainter beating, says,
I stand upon the borders of my days.

Amen! my God, I own thy holy will.

The golden dreams, that once my soul did fill,

The songs of mirth become sepulchral lays.

Faith! faith! That truth which all my spirit sways,

Yonder, as here, must live within me still.

And what I held as sacred here below,

What I embraced with quick and youthful glow,

Whether I called it liberty, or love,

A seraph bright I see it stand above;

And as my senses slowly pass away,

A breath transports me to the realms of day.

UPWARD TENDENCIES OF THE SOUL.

From the birth

Of mortal man, the sovereign Maker said,

That not in humble nor in brief delight,

Nor in the fading echoes of renown,

Power's purple robes, nor Pleasure's flowery lap,

The soul should find enjoyment: but from these

Turning disdainful to an equal good,

Through all the ascent of things enlarge her view,

Till every bound at length should disappear,

And infinite perfection close the scene.

—*Akenside.*

SLEEP.

Come sleep, O sleep! the certain knot of peace,

The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,

The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,

Th' indifferent judge between the high and

low.

—*Sir Philip Sydney.*

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY R. MONCKTON MILNES.

THE windows and the garden door
Must now be closed to-night,
And you, my little girl, no more
Can watch the snow-flake white
Fall, like a silver net, before
The face of dying light.

Draw down the curtains, every fold.
Let not a gap let in the cold.
Bring your low seat toward the fire,
And you shall have your heart's desire;
A story of that favorite book
In which you often steal a look,
Regretful not to understand
Words of a distant time and land—
That small square book that seems so old,
In tawny white and faded gold,
And which I could not leave to-day,
E'en with the snow and you to play.

It was on such a night as this,
Six hundred years ago,
The wind as loud and pitiless,
As loaded with the snow.
A night when you might start to meet
A friend in an accustomed street,—
That a lone child went up and down
The pathways of an ancient town,—
A little girl, just such as you,
With eyes, though clouded, just as blue,
With just such long, fine golden hair,
But wet and rough for want of care;
And just such tender, tottering feet,
Bare to the cold and stormy street.
Alone! this fragile human flower,
Alone! at this unsightly hour.
A playful, joyful, peaceful form,
A creature of delight,—
Become companion of the storm
And phantom of the night!

No gentler thing is near; in vain
Its warm tears meet the frozen rain,—
No watchful ear awaits its cries
On every name, that well supplies
The childly nature with a sense
Of love and care and confidence.
It looks before, it looks behind,
And staggers with the weighty wind,
Till, terror overpowering grief,
And feeble as an autumn leaf,
It passes down the tide of air,
It knows not, thinks not, how or where.

Beneath a cavern porch, before
An iron-bolted, oaken door
The tempest drives the cowering child,
And rages on, as hard and wild.
This is not shelter, though the sleet
Strikes heavier in the open street;
For, to that infant ear, a din
Of festive merriment within
Comes, by the contrast, sadder far
Then all the outward windy war,
With something cruel, something curst,
In each repeated laughter burst,

The thread of constant cheerful light
Drawn through a crevice to the sight,
Tells it of heat it cannot feel,
And all the fireside bliss
That home's dear portals can reveal
On such a night as this.

How can those hands, so small and frail,
Empassioned as they will, avail
Against that banded wall of wood,
Standing in senseless hardihood
Between the warmth and love and mirth,
The comforts of the living earth,
And the lone creature shivering there,
The plaything of the savage air,
We would not, of our own good will,
Believe in so much strength of ill,—
Believe that life and sense are given
To any being under Heaven
Only to weep and suffer there,

To suffer, without sin,
What would be for the worst of us
A bitter discipline.

Yet now the tiny hands no more
Are striking that unfeeling door,
Folded so quietly they rest
As on a marble cherub's breast;
And from the guileless lips of woo
Are passing words, confused and low,
Remembered fragments of a prayer,
Learnt and repeated elsewhere,
With the blue summer overhead,
On a sweet mother's knee,
Beside the downy cradle bed,
But always happily.

Though for those holy words the storm
Relaxes not its angry form,
The child no longer stands alone
Upon the inhospitable stone:
There now are two; one to the other
Like as a brother to twin brother;
But the new comer has an air
Of something wonderful and fair,
Something divinely calm and mild,
Something beyond a human child.
His eyes come through the thickening night
With a soft, planetary light,
And from his hair there falls below
A radiance on the drifting snow,
And his untarnished childly bloom
Seems but the brighter for the gloom.
See what a smile of gentle grace
Expatriates slowly o'er his face!
As, with a mien of soft command,
He takes that numbed and squalid hand,
And with a voice of simple joy,
And greeting, as from boy to boy,
He speaks: "What do you at this door?
Why called you not on me before?
What like you best? That I should break
This sturdy barrier for your sake,
And let you in, that you may share
The warmth and joy and cheerful fire?
Or will you trust to me alone,
And heeding not the windy moan,
Nor the cold rain, nor lightning brand,
Go forward with me, hand in hand.

Within this house, if e'er on earth,
You will find love and peace and mirth,
And there may rest for many a day,
While I am on my open way.

And should your heart to me incline,
When I am gone,
Take you this little cross of mine
To lean upon.

And setting out what path you will,
Careless of your own strength and skill,
You soon will find me; only say
What wish you most to do to-day."

The child looks out into the night,
With gaze of pain and pale affright,
Then turns an eye of keen desire
On the thin gleams of inward fire,
Then rests a long and silent while
Upon that brother's glorious smile.
You've seen the subtle magnet draw
The iron by its hidden law,
So seems that smile to lure along
The child, from an enclosed throng
Of fears and fancies undefined,
And to one passion fix its mind.

Till every straggling doubt to check

And give to love its due,

It casts its arms about his neck,

And cries, "With you, with you.

For you have sung me many a song
Like mine own mother's, all night long,
And you have played with me in dreams
Along the walks, beside the streams
Of Paradise; the blessed bowers
Where what men call the stars are flowers.
And what to them looks deep and blue
Is but a veil which we saw through,
Into the garden without end
Where you, the angel children tend;
So that they asked me, when I woke,
Where I had been, to whom I spoke,
What I was doing there, to seem
So heavenly happy in my dream?
Oh, take me, take me there again,
Out of the cold and wind and rain,
Out of the dark and cruel town
Whose houses on the orphan frown;
Bear me the thundering clouds above,
To the safe kingdom of your love;
Or if you will not, I can go
With you, barefooted through the snow.
I shall not feel the bitter blast
If you will take me home at last!"
Three kisses on its dead cold cheeks,
Three on its bloodless brow,
And a clear, answering music speaks:—
"Sweet brother! come then now;
It shall be so, there is no dread
Within the aureole of mine head.
This hand in yours, this living hand
Can all the world of cold withstand,
And though so small, is strong to lift

Your feet above the thickest drift;
The wind that round you raged and broke
Shall fold about us like a cloak,
And we shall reach that garden soon
Without the aid of sun or moon."

So down the mansion's slippery stair
Into the midnight weather,
Pass, as if sorrows never were,
The weak and strong together.

This was the night before the morn'
On which the Hope of Man was born,
And long ere dawn can claim the sky
The tempest rolls subservient by:
While bells, on all sides ring and say
How Christ the Child, was born to-day.
Free as the sun's in June, the rays
Mix merry with the Yule log's blaze.
Some butterflies of snow, may float
Down slowly, glistening in the mote,
But crystal-leaved and fruited trees
Scarce lose a jewel in the breeze;
Frost diamonds twinkle in the grass,

Transformed from pearly dew,
And silver flowers encrust the glass

Which gardens never knew.

The inmates of the house before
Whose iron-fenced, heedless door
The children of our nightly tale
Were standing, rose, refreshed and hale,
And ran, as if a race to win,
To let the Christmas morning in.
They find upon the threshold stone
A little child, just like their own,
Asleep, it seems, but when the head
Is raised, it sleeps, as sleep the dead;
The fatal point hath touched it while
The lips had just begun to smile.
The forehead mid the matted tresses,
A perfect painless end expresses,
And uncontrolled, the hands may wear
The posture more of thanks than prayer.
They tend it straight with wondering grief,
And when all skill brings no relief,

They bear it onward in its smile
Up the cathedral's central aisle,
There, soon as priest and people heard
How the thing was, they speak not word,
But take the usual image meant
The Blessed Babe to represent,
Forth from the cradle, and instead
Lay down that silent mortal head.
Now incense cloud and anthem sound
Arise the beauteous body round.
Softly the carol chant is sung,
Softly the mirthful peal is rung,
And when the solemn duties end,
With tapers earnest troops attend
The gentle corpse, nor cease to sing,

Till by an almond tree
They bury it, that the flowers of spring
May o'er it soonest be.

From The Saturday Review.

TURKISH POLYGAMY.

THE text of the sultan's sumptuary edict which is henceforward to regulate the dress and habits of Turkish women has been received in England. The ordinance amounts to this—that women are to abstain as much as possible from paying visits; or, if they insist upon making calls, are to dress in dark cloth robes and yellow morocco boots. We suppose the reason of this forced return to "costume consecrated by all the traditions" is pretty well known in England. Turkey, like a few other countries suddenly opened to western civilization, has received rather too much of it, and has found one or two of its most recent refinements somewhat overpowering. The country has been overrun with a plague of milliners' bills. The ladies of the imperial harem had let their accounts run up to so superhuman a figure that the state finances, which contribute to the sultan's civil list exactly what the sultan pleases, had fallen into utter disorder; and confusion on a more modest scale was reigning in all private dwellings. The sex in Constantinople has found, however, what it is to have a Turk for a husband; and gentlemen sued for their wives' bills may now plead before the mufti that crinoline and diamonds are illegal under the statute of Abdul Medjid. It may seem ridiculous to say that Englishmen have any interest in the matter, and still more preposterous to hint that our sympathies ought to be entirely with the Turkish ladies. Yet there is much reason to think that the new Turkish crisis which is always impending over us would be removed to a greater distance if the ladies of the seraglio should succeed, as it is said they will, in getting the tyrannical edict repealed.

Some of the effects of polygamy in a country circumstanced as Turkey is do not seem to be much noticed on the western side of Europe. We are accustomed to speak of the moral debasement which it occasions to the individual, but are scarcely aware to what an extent it loosens and almost dissolves society. There has been nothing in Europe like the situation of the richer Turks in Constantinople since the days of the old Roman aristocracy. The Roman noble, passing the greater part of his life among a multitude of slaves and freedmen domesticated in his house, was not unlike the great Turkish official in his harem—with the difference, however, that the Ro-

man lived with men who were in many cases intellectually his superiors, while the Turk lives among beings kept purposely down to the lowest level of humanity. The consequences, however, have been partially alike. As of old in the tempestuous times of the falling Roman Republic, so now in the latter days of the Turkish empire, there is no true social bond among the members of the class which ought to control the destinies of the country. Two Turkish officials, meeting for public business, are more like two plenipotentiaries delegated by independent nations than like two subjects of the same sovereign or two members of the same community. There is no common ground between them, and no common understanding. Each is absolutely ignorant of the private life and habits of the other, and there is nothing in Turkey like those invisible threads of connection which unite the various members of a western society together through their being enveloped by the same atmosphere of general opinion. From these causes, principally, spring the two great obstacles to improvements in the government of Turkey—the shamelessness of the ablest public men, and their utter mistrust of one another. The Turkish official oligarchy is, in fact, composed of men who are as much strangers to each other as an Englishman is to a Russian. No man knows his neighbor. No man cares for his neighbor's judgment on his acts. All that passes between man and man is false and artificial, and wears a much closer resemblance to diplomacy than to social intercourse. There is some fear of treachery and some of despotic power, but a complete absence of those feelings which, apart from moral restraints, are the springs of self-control in the west of Europe.

All contemporary observers of Turkey are agreed that of late years there had been some slight mitigation of these evils, though the mitigating influence has at present shown its worst side. Unquestionably, though the men stood still, the women were in progress towards something better. Something like a society was growing up in Constantinople. The ladies of different households were beginning to mingle much more freely than of old, and a plentiful crop of the rivalries and scandals which spring up wherever ladies meet together was coming into bud. For the moment, the symptoms of the change were not of an eminently satisfactory com-

plexion. It made itself felt in a great increase of expenditure on feminine ornament, and a great increase of female influence in political intrigues. Both of these novelties had, however, their favorable aspect. The great Turkish ladies, besides competing in splendor and costliness of dress, had already, it is said, begun to understand rivalry of a more honorable character, and, if too old themselves to learn the accomplishments of western Christendom, had thoughts of teaching their daughters to excel in the infidel arts of music and conversation. Education, in short, has been growing slightly into fashion. Perhaps, too, an imperceptible elevation of female intellect may have had something to do with the part recently taken by women in the intrigues which have successively displaced so many ministries—though the common belief is that these changes were simply brought about through the more frequent intercourse which has grown up between households, and which naturally multiplies the opportunities of combination and collusion. Yet even in this case it is something gained for Turkey that her chief men know more of each other, even though at first they should only use their knowledge to take advantage of each other's weak points.

Until all Europe is again called in to a consultation at its "sick man's," bedside, the establishment of a better understanding and a better state of relations between the mem-

bers of its official class is the best thing which can happen to Turkey. Up to the present time, the excellent reforms enacted by the sultan have been frustrated less by the difficulties which are usually dwelt upon, than by the old sores of Turkish government—corruption and mistrust. The Turkish administrators of the present day are much better qualified for their duty in some respects than is commonly supposed. There is no want of energy and intelligence among them, but in two points they are exactly like their great-grandfathers—they do not trust one another and they do not care for one another. Nothing will set this right except the growth, if not of a public opinion, at least of a class-opinion, and nothing will generate opinion except a quicker movement in Turkish society. The ladies of Constantinople, headed by the inmates of the imperial seraglio, were doing something, in a rather unsatisfactory way, to break up the old stagnation and to fuse together the insulated groups of which society has hitherto consisted. It is a pity that they should be stopped in so laudable an undertaking. Polygamy will always produce enough of evil, but there is no human institution so desperately bad as not to admit of amelioration. There will always be a low public morality in Constantinople, but public men may be taught to speculate less audaciously and act together more cordially than they do in their present state of isolation.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS.—The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross (+); and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance; anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons; for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was

considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus* or *clerk* was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters.

The ancient use of the cross was therefore universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath from its holy associations, and generally the mark. On this account Mr. Charles Knight, in his notes to the Pictorial Shakespeare, explains the expression of "God save the mark," as a form of ejaculation approaching to the character of an oath. This phrase occurs three or more times in the plays of Shakspeare; but hitherto it has been left by the commentators in its original obscurity.

From The Saturday Review.

THE DECLINE OF QUAKERISM.*

IN the month of March, 1858, a gentleman who lamented that, while the population of the United Kingdom had more than doubled itself, the Society of Friends numbered fewer members than at the commencement of the century, offered a prize of one hundred guineas for the best essay, and a prize of fifty guineas for the second best, that should be written on the subject of its decline. Three gentlemen, none of whom were of the Quaker persuasion, Rev. F. D. Maurice, Professor J. P. Nichol, and Rev. E. S. Price, agreed to act as adjudicators. The two essays "which appeared to them to have the superior claims" were *Quakerism, Past and Present*, by John Stephenson Rowntree; and the *Peculium*, by Thomas Hancock. Of these the former is, we think, the most successful in its indication of the proximate causes of the decline of Quakerism, while the latter, in our opinion, exhibits "most thought and Christian earnestness" in its *à priori* exposition of the subject, and has a more literary finish and a more persuasive elocution. So nearly equal appeared to the adjudicators the merits of the two essays, that on the expression of their perplexity "the donor of the prizes generously offered to make the second prize equal to the first." The essay to which the priority was finally adjudged is that written by Mr. Rowntree. The exact nature of Mr. Rowntree's ecclesiastical convictions we are unable to ascertain. Mr. Hancock is an adherent of the "Anglican" or High Church school of theology, as represented in the present day by the pious and much-abused Dr. Pusey.

Three hundred years after the birth of John Wycliffe, Mr. Rowntree reminds us, was born George Fox, the last of the reformers, as Wycliffe was "the morning star of the Reformation." The Society of Friends dates its origin from the year 1647. Its founder was then twenty-three years of age. In England Catholicism had been conquered first by

"Anglican," then by Puritan Protestantism. Puritanism, however noble in some of its aspects, was narrow-minded and pedantic. It almost postponed Christianity to Judaism, asserting "that the judicial laws of Moses are binding on Christian princes," and examining the inspired volume as if it had been a statute-book. Religion became polemical, external, rigid, formal, and unsatisfying. Men began to withdraw, like Milton, into the "church communion" of their own souls; or as Mr. Hancock expresses it, there was in all parts of England a great mass of seekers. These seekers formed "the raw material which was afterwards built up into Quakerism by George Fox." In the midst of the disputatious religionism, the vanity and wickedness of the times, in which his lot was cast, Fox fell into gloom and despondency. In his anguish and bewilderment he sought advice from noted religious professors; he asked for a solution of some part of the great mystery of life. "The clergy of the neighborhood," says our old friend Teufelsdröckh, "the ordained watchers and interpreters of that same holy mystery, listened with unaffected tedium to his consultations, and advised him as the solution of such doubts to 'drink beer and dance with the girls.'" Turning away from such "miserable comforters," this "youth with a living spirit belonging to him" applied to the study of "an antique inspired volume," and found the sacred writings "very precious to him." They were his sole companions in "hollow trees and desolate places." Through them as through a window his soul could look upwards, subjoins Teufelsdröckh, and discern his celestial home. Finally, "he was one of those to whom under ruder or purer form the divine idea of the universe is pleased to manifest itself." This divine idea was, in less ethnic language, the doctrine that the true light, the word and son of God, enlightens every man that comes into the world. The indwelling of a Personal, Human, yet Divine Spirit in the soul, the presence in every mortal of the Omniscient Man, Christ Jesus, for guidance into truth, loving nobleness in action, purity and simplicity in conduct, and the consecration of life, in its common as well as its more elevated aspects, was the central idea of the religion of the early Quakers.

While testifying to the influence of this great inward light, Quakerism was strong

* *Quakerism, Past and Present*: being an Inquiry into the Causes of its Decline in Great Britain and Ireland. By John Stephenson Rowntree. Published by Smith, Elder, and Co.

The Peculium; an Endeavor to throw Light on some of the Causes of the Decline of the Society of Friends, especially in regard to its Original Claim of being the Peculiar People of God. By Thomas Hancock. Published by Smith, Elder, and Co.

and prosperous. "In 1690, after forty years of incessant persecution, 'it' could point to an organized body of sixty or seventy thousand adherents in Great Britain and Ireland, to flourishing congregations in other parts of Europe, and to more than one great colony it had founded in the Western World." But the fine gold soon became dim. "The Society of Friends attained its numerical meridian in this island about the year 1680, and in the next one hundred and twenty years its decline was continuous, reducing its numbers by the year 1800 to one-half of what they had been at their highest point. During the present century this decline has progressed still further, and there are now not more than twenty-six thousand persons in Great Britain and Ireland professing with Friends. Within the last one hundred and eighty years the population of the United Kingdom has trebled, but the Society of Friends has diminished nearly two-thirds."

What are the causes of this decline? Let us state the proximate causes first, those which in Mr. Rowntree's opinion, from whose pages we have just quoted, account for the actual abridgment of the society by a self-diminishing process, rather than for its non-extension by discontinuance or failure of the assimilating function of proselytism. The resuscitation of the disciplinary system of Quakerism, in 1760, aggravating all its primary defects, and giving prominence to the principle of external separation, in narrowing the grounds of church fellowship, contracted the numerical area of the society. During the twenty years following this resuscitation, numerous "Disownments" took place, not only for immoral acts, but for the payment of tithes, marriage contrary to rule, and the like violations of the society's "testimonies." In consequence of the introduction of "Birth-right Membership" in 1737, excommunications have been fatally frequent, so that "within a considerable proportion of the present century the Society of Friends in England has disowned nearly one-third of all its members who have married, a total of not less than four thousand persons." Nor is this all, but their removal has occasioned the deaths among the Friends to exceed their births by two thousand four hundred since 1810; while in the general population of England, during the same period, there have been three births to every two deaths.

From considering the more proximate we pass to an examination of the more general causes of the decay of Quakerism. These, according to Mr. Rowntree, are its disparagement of the human reason, its once inadequate estimate of the value of Holy Scripture, and its seclusive system of Church government. In rejecting a humanly appointed ministry and the symbolical rites of baptism and the Lord's Supper, Quakerism placed itself in antagonism to the sentiments and requirements of nearly all existing Christian communities. From the special causes, from the general neglect of the culture of the understanding in connection with religion, and the disregard of the æsthetic element in man's mental constitution, the measure of Quakerism has become smaller than that of Christianity, its powers of adaptation have become limited, and its general diffusion restrained. It is in condemning the partial and oligarchical nature of Quakerism that we find the author of the second dissertation in most striking sympathy with his fellow-essayist. He regards George Fox as a pure, single-hearted, righteous man, dissatisfied with the belief in a historical Christ, complaining that "the faith of the sects stands on a man who died at Jerusalem sixteen hundred years ago," and wanting "a deliverer for that year, for that hour, a light for every moment." This deliverer, this light, was in man himself; neither conditioned by time, place, creed, occupation, character, age, nor sex; and opposed only by sin and self-willed darkness. Strong in the persuasion of the universality of this light, Fox wrote to the Jews, to the pope, to the emperor, to the kings of France and England, to Oliver Cromwell, to Charles II., to cleric and lay, of every sect and employment, throughout Christendom, appealing to the divine witness present in them all. This Quaker reproclamation of an eternal verity against the churchmen, separatists, and politicians of the time, was the glory and strength of the teaching of Fox and his followers. Quakerism prospered, because in the general forgetfulness of the "divine idea" it singled out for emphatic revival this universal truth, in which, however variously interpreted, all humanity has so deep and abiding an interest. Thus it asserted spirituality against ceremonialism, believing that the Creator and Inspirer of forms would provide them when they were wanted; it stood for simplicity against insincerity in speech and

elaborateness in dress; it taught the supreme love of man, for the holy love within them gave them an awful sympathy with all men, a mighty hatred to all man's enemies. It witnessed against war, slavery, drunkenness, because they obscure and insult the divine light that dwells in every man. Such Mr. Hancock conceives the old Quaker idea to have been.

But Quakerism soon degenerated, and the idea became lost in system; mechanism succeeded to vital action, and the sense of an hereditary vocation supplanted the living principle of duty. Thus the modern Quakers retain the accidents not the essentials of their church. They protest against forms, and only show their formality; they take up the calling of philanthropists, and manufacture brotherhood and charity by peace societies, abolition societies, and temperance societies. Mr. Hancock attributes the decay of Quakerism not only to the growing degeneracy of its professors, but to its sectarian character. Quakerism is partial and exclusive. Its disciples from the very first claimed to be a Peculium, or peculiar people, repudiating all communion with Romanists, Puritans, or Anglicans; it originated in the secularism or the spirit of the age of the seventeenth century; it degenerated with that of the eighteenth; it is now one-sided, commercial, or worldly, and anti-human. The Quaker idea is lost. The Quaker system is hostile to the age; hostile, because, while every thoughtful man, theist or atheist, craves for unity of thought, sentiment, and action, Quakerism does not assist and forward this tendency; hostile, because there is a growing attachment to Ritualism, and Quakerism refuses to acknowledge this tendency; hostile, because the age is characterized by a strong æsthetic spirit or love of art, and Quaker discipline shuts out art as an element of the world. It fights against *God* by its prohibitions, for the things it prohibits are parts of his discipline. "Music, romances, the drama, dancing, outward signs of mourning, memorials to the beloved dead, these all arise out of our original constitution, 'and' wherever man is these things are." Elsewhere Mr. Hancock observes that our divine discipliner has given us arts, poetry, the drama, as preservatives from worldliness, and declares that, in its contempt of art and rejection of enthusiasm, modern Quakerism has taken money for its idol and is signing away its life.

Such is Mr. Hancock's view of the decline of Quakerism; a view which in some respects is coincident with that of Mr. Rowntree, and which is principally distinguished from that gentleman's by its more abstract and deductive character, and also what non-Anglicans would regard as in some degree vitiating the purity of his argument, the assumption of "Catholicity" for the communion to which he belongs. If Quakerism is declining, is not Church of Englandism declining also? If a High Churchman objects that the Society of Friends has decreased from 60,000 or 70,000 in 1690 to less than 15,000 in 1850, may not the Quaker retort that the Church of England, once we presume that of the people of England, contained, according to the census of 1851, only 5,292,551 worshippers in England and Wales, out of a population of 18,000,000? May not he refer to the Report of the Commissioners on the Religious Condition of the Country, eight or nine years since, which testifies that while with the upper classes a regular church attendance is ranked amongst the recognized proprieties of life, "it is sadly certain that this vast intelligent and growingly important section of our countrymen (the artisan population) is thoroughly estranged from our religious institutions in their present aspect?" It is a fact that the Church of England is not the Church of England's people; it is a question, why it is not, and a further question, how can it become so? Is its denationality the consequence of defective Catholicity, universality of truth, sentiment, and action? For we quite agree with Mr. Hancock, that no system that is partial and sectarian, no system that excludes truth in science, truth in art, truth in life, no system that shuts out any rays of the "Divine Light," or insults and mutilates any element in our common humanity, can be sovereign in its authority, Catholic in its inclusiveness, or eternal in its duration. "Every sect contains within itself the principle of its own decay, in its protestations and abridgments. Its schismatic and inexpansive character is its death-warrant." That English sectarianism is eventually doomed to die out is a conclusion that all philosophical and historical speculation justifies. Will the Church of England verify the rule by becoming a splendid exception to the prevailing exclusiveness? Can she make herself the Church of the nation by developing the spiritual life of the nation?

From Once a Week.

THE BLIND WOMAN OF MANZANARES.

THERE is in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum of Madrid a blind old woman known as *La Ciega de Manzanares*, some of whose exhibitions of the improvisatore arts have excited great attention from their appropriateness and poetical beauty. It has been usual to introduce her into the *tertulias* or conversazioni of the capital; and, overhearing the conversations that take place, she breaks out in sudden bursts of poetry. We will attempt to convey an idea by translations of some of these outpourings. A lady having been asked whether she was studying the art of dramatic declamation, the *Ciega* stopped the reply thus:—

"What!—to the theatre you'll go,
And try your fascinations there,—
An actress? maiden, be it so,
And blest and brilliant your career!
Let glory on your brow descend,—
Yet hear the counsel of a friend,
And make a wiser, happier choice:
For know, no sounds are ever heard
So sweet as maiden's loving word,
The wife's, the mother's household voice."

One of her impassioned verses reminds us of some of Milton's touching references to his own blindness:—

"For me the sun over the mountain height
Flings his fresh beams in vain. In vain
for me
The awakened Venus fills her lamp with light,
And morn breaks forth in joy and festive
glee.
In vain the fragrant rose excites the longing
Its tints, its motions, and its form to see—
No beauty mine—No! nothing but the throng-
ing
Of multitudinous blanks of misery."

She has been called on to improvise verses, omitting all words in which the vowels most commonly occurring in Spanish are found, and there has been no hesitation in their production.

The vowel *e* is the letter most frequently employed in the Spanish language, and being asked by a lady of distinguished grace and beauty to produce a stanza in which that letter should be wholly wanting, the *Ciega* improvised this verse:—

"Divina flor purpurina!
En tus ojos cristalinos
Y tus labios los mas finos,
Tu boca la mas divina,
Asaz la virtud camina;
Y mira con gran cuidado
Todos alaban tu agrado
Con la mayor importancia
Tu amor y fina fragancia
Y corazon apiadado."

"Thou art indeed a floweret bright,
And thou hast eyes of crystal light,
And lips so delicate and fine
They make a mouth almost divine,
And while thy cautious feet pursue
Their path to virtue ever true,
Around, beofre thee as thou goest,
Thou all the charms of beauty throwest,
And all admire and praise and bless
Thy heart of love and gentleness."

This somewhat free rendering does not, of course, preserve the peculiar character of the original.

On being reminded by a lady that she had forgotten a promise made on a certain occasion to extemporize a verse, the *Ciega* answered:—

"Oh yes! I heard thee at the college;
For blind, alas! I had no knowledge
Of whom thou wert; but now I here
Fulfil the promise made thee there,
And with this hurried verse I bring
Good wishes, blessings, every thing
Which the suggestion of a minute
Can offer; and I only pray
Forgiveness for this roundelay,
And all the faults—too many—in it."

The Spaniards are remarkable for the success with which they cultivate the art of improvisation, and I have heard excellent *asonanate* verses sung by the muleteers, in which they recounted their own adventures, and lightened the fatigues of their journeys by rhymed extempore narratives of their own invention.

The most extraordinary improvisator of whom I have had personal knowledge, was Willem de Clercq, of the Hague, who in a language—the Dutch—not remarkably poetical, would pour out fine verses by the hour, distinguished alike for the perfection of the stanza and the variety of fanciful thought and excursive knowledge they displayed.

JOHN BOWLING.